The Palmer Sentinel.

A Business and Family Newspaper---Independent in Politics and Religion---Devoted to Agriculture, Arts, Sciences, Literature and General Intelligence.

VOLUME I. PALMER DEPOT, MASS., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1846. NUMBER 35.

THE SENTINEL
IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY, BY
F. P. Whittemore & R. A. Tenney,
Mechanics' Hall, (Opposite the Western Railroad House,) up stairs, Main Street,
PALMER DEPOT, MASS.

Terms---$1.25 a year in advance.
$1.50 at the end of three months.—$1.75 at the end of the year.—Single Copies three cents.

Any person who will procure us ten good responsible subscribers, shall receive one copy gratis.
Advertisements conspicuously inserted on the usual terms.
All orders and communications must be post paid, and directed to *Palmer Depot, Mass.*
☞ No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

SELECTED TALES.

MY TWO COUSINS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A BORER OUTBORED."

What charming girls were my cousins Josephine and Isabella! The former was the eldest; she was tall and dignified—the passion which shone in her eye was subdued by reflection and judgment; her cheeks possessed that paleness which gave an overwhelming seduction to her smile, and even nonsense, of which she never was guilty, would have been convincing argument when spoken by that mouth with her calm, yet almost melancholic suavity of manner.

Josephine was as a placid river, near which the painter might sit and transfer each point to his canvass, and form a lovely picture. Not so her sister; she was the gay and lively cascade which now assumes one form, and, bounding against yonder rock, in an instant changes. As in life she danced before my eye, so flits she now before my memory.

The cloudless complexion, the burnished teeth, the never-ceasing smile are still there; the sweet word "cousin" I still hear; but who can arrest her sprightliness to transfer one charm to cool description? as soon might the painter delineate the rush and the roar of the cataract. Her loveliness exists vividly in my imagination—there I would it should ever remain.

"Sister! sister! quick—quick—there!—you're too late."

"Why, Bell, I came as soon as I could."

"Yes, but you missed seeing him."

"Who?"

"The handsome officer who just passed. Such elegant buttons and the most beautiful cap! I do wonder who he is? Don't you wish he'd walk by this way again?"

"Fie on you Bell," returned Josephine, "You are forever talking about these officers! You'll marry one of them yet."

"Will I," exulted the sweet girl, clapping her hands as she bounded from the chair. "Oh, I'd run away in a minute if one of the handsome creatures should only beckon to me through the window."

"Bell! how you talk! what would pa and ma say to hear you? Now suppose you had your wish: then you would be obliged to pack up, quit us all and go off to the frontier: how would you like that?"

"I would be perfectly delighted; I could write home, you know, and tell you about the fort, where we would have drums, and soldiers and guns, and——"

"Stop! stop a moment!" interrupted Josephine, anxious to moderate the romance of the other's disposition; "after a while the war begins, your officer is ordered off, and may be, like poor Bassinger or young Izzard, he is slain among the Indians—what ails thee, girl! Bell," she added, as she beheld her sister's cheeks suffused with tears, "do not act so foolish; I am not speaking of what is, but what might be."

"And I," replied the sensitive girl, resuming her wonted cheerfulness, "was not weeping for what is, but for what might—what may be. And, after all, he might not be killed; he will return loaded with honors, and as the world points him out, and the shout is heard, 'behold the gallant hero!' how happy will I be, as hanging about his neck, I hide my head in his bosom, and when I hear the cry of the multitude, silently respond, 'and I am the heroes wife.'"

Josephine witnessed the delight of Isabella as she indulged in her delusive dream, and refrained from awakening her to the reality.

The sun was setting—the fleecy clouds followed him in his western course, when Josephine, pensive and alone, sought the beautiful promenade on the outskirts of the town.

Many persons were clustered here and there. In one group was heard the merry laugh; in another was seen the earnest gesticulation of some orator laying down, with tongue and hand, the political tenets of his party.

Apart from the rest, sat a gentleman of fascinating appearance, apparently about twenty-six years of age; his right arm was in a sling, and a crutch at his side bore witness to the daring of his noble spirit—it was Orlean d'Entreville.

He was an officer of the United States army, and, in leading a charge against the Indians, had been left for dead on the field, but had finally effected his escape; his body covered with wounds—his reputation illumined with honor.

From the moment Josephine appeared, his gaze was anxiously riveted on her till her eyes met his, when he turned hastily aside and a deep flush rose to his sunburnt cheek, as if to apologize for his rudeness."

The lady instantly lowered her eyes to the ground, when she started, screamed, and a chill passed over her as she beheld a huge rattle-snake coiled and ready to make the fatal spring! She stood too terrified to move, when the shod heel of Orlean crushed the reptile's head, and he himself sprang to assist her as she was near fainting.

Josephine raised her eyes gratefully when those of her preserver met hers—that glance effected the work of years!—At his solicitation she accepted his arm to her father's house, where he was invited to call and begged not to disclose his profession.

Day after day, as the plain Mister D'Entreville, were these visits repeated, till in his absence, minutes became years, and hours ages, to the loving Josephine.

"You cannot be in earnest," said my elder cousin.

"Indeed, sister I am."

"But I thought," continued the other, smiling, "that you said if you ever married, it would be to an officer of the army."

"So I did, replied Isabella; but Mr Tape says they are such ugly things. You know Mr Tape is very pretty, and if he would put lace and such stuff on he would be just as good as any officer. I was simpleton enough to imagine that the coat was the man; but I have more sense now. Mr Tape has put me so out of conceit of the officers; he says all they think of is dress, that they are dissipated, and that they only court girls to feed their vanity as soon as they get one girl in love with them they fly to another. I'm going to marry Mr Tape."

"Tape!" echoed Josephine, rather contemptuously, for, since her acquaintance with Orlean D'Entreville, she had discov- that merit, and that of the first order, was to be found beneath a military coat.

"Yes, Tape!" re-echoed my cousin Bell, "there can be no objection to him; he's very steady—he's handsome—he loves me—and he has the most elegant store, where, he says, when I'm married, I may come and make choice of everything; then, he says, we'll be for ever visiting—we'll go to the Springs—we'll——. Yes, I'm determined on marrying him; yes, sister, I'm a thousand times obliged to you for ridding me of those foolish ideas about officers, for I do consider them, after what Mr Tape says, to be ——"

"Hold, sister!" exclaimed Josephine, unable longer to endure this unlimited censure on the brother officers of Orlean, there are some—many—nay, they are all good, honest, talented, brave men."

"Why, sister!" cried Bell, in surprise, "you're changing your tone; I really do not believe you can mention one," and she changed color slightly.

"Yes, one I can name," answered Josephine, eagerly.

"Who?"

"Orlean D'Entreville."

"Is he an—"

"He is an officer of the army."

Bell looked roguish.

"I ought to beg your pardon," continued her sister, "for the innocent deception I have practiced on you in concealing his profession."

"No! no!" said Bell, archly, "I found it out the second day he called on you."

Josephine blushed as she asked—

"You did, Miss, and pray how?"

"Why, I read it on his hat-lining in the hall."

The sisters laughed heartily, when the oldest remarked—

"Well, Bell, I have made friends with the army, and as I'm sure pa and ma will object to him, because he's an officer, I want you to assist Orlean and myself to elope."

"I will," replied Bell, laughing, "and get my husband's aid besides."

"Your husband!" repeated Josephine, staring. "Who, Mr Tape?"

"Mr Tape!—no!" sneered cousin Bell, "Who then?"

"Why, Lieutenant Watkins."

"Who is he?"

"My husband, to be sure. Don't you recollect the handsome officer that passed the window?"

"Yes."

"Well we've been married these three weeks."

Turning over a New Leaf.

BY ABEL REDTOP.

"Dad, I'm going to turn over a new leaf next week," said Sam Dana, junior, to his parental projector, Sam Dana, senior—they were hoeing corn together near the Dana family domicil, in the town of Bow.

The two Sam Danas looked as near alike as two peas, especially Sam, junior; he looked a shade younger—otherwise he might have been taken for a chip of the old block, block and all. At the sound of the other's voice, the elder Dana rested his chin on the end of the hoe-handle, and peered at his sturdy offspring, as if doubtful of the meaning and intent of the familiar words. Sam, junior, immediately fixed himself in a similar position, fixed his sharp hazel eyes on that of his "dad," and went on:

"Yes dad, I'm going to turn over a new leaf. You've often told me to do it. Next week, you know, I'm one and twenty, out of my time, I'm off. You see, dad, I've worked on this patch of land ever since I was born, and I calculate I've been a smart boy—have'nt I?" (Sam, senior, nodded his head.) "Well, if I always stay here I shall always be a smart boy and nothing else. I want to go round, I want to see the fashions, want to speculate, I want to be somebody, I want to put the dollars in my pocket; darn it, dad, I want to go it, I will go it, I'm off. I've made up my mind no use to say nothing, can't alter me, I'm going, going, g-o-i-n-g, gone! the day my time is out, I'm g-o-n-e, gone! What do you say to that?"

"Say? I say you're a jackass!"

"Dad, I calculate you're mistaken."

"Well, perhaps you'll be sure to make one of yourself, if you ain't."

"Dad, I calculate you'll find yourself mistaken."

"I tell you, Sam, now, that you'll be sorry, I did just so, when I was out of my time. I cleared out from home, and before I had been gone three weeks, I was glad to get back again, and you'll be in the same predicament in less than a week, or I'm no judge of horse-flesh."

"Dad, I've heard you say a thousand times, that every generation grows wiser! Now, I calculate that I am one generation wiser than you were at my age. I'm goin—no kind of use to talk agin it."

The dialogue closed; they eyed each other sharply for a moment; the senior Dana raised his chin from the end of his hoe-handle, grasped it firmly, and renewed his labor with the strength of two men. Sam, junior, followed suit with none the less of energy in his manner, and side by side they continued to work for an hour without a word spoken by either, digging as if for dear life. The elder Dana was evidently working himself into a fever of passion; at last he came to a stand still, at the same moment ejaculating a stentorian "Sam!"

Sam came to a full stop, straightened up with no less emphatic "Dad!"

"What in thunder are you working so fast for," demanded the senior, and at it he went again still harder than before, and after him went Sam the younger, as hard as he could dig, and if the dinner-horn had not sounded a moment after, they would have worked themselves out of their boots. The moment they heard the horn, the elder Dana shouldered his hoe and struck a bee-line for the house; Sam followed in the steps of his predecessor; filed into the shed, hung their hoes in their proper places, with military procession—next into the wash room, washed their hands and faces, with the same silent emphasis that had distinguished their hoeing for the last hour—wiped, adjusted their hair, shot into the dining-room, and down to the table they sat, face to face, and again they looked fiercely at each other.

"You're a fool!" said Sam Dana.

"You're my dad!" said the other Sam.

"You're going to make a fool of yourself."

"I calculate not."

"What's the matter now?" asked Mrs D.

"That boy, that boy's the matter," said her husband, in tones that told his feelings were somewhat ruffled.

"Why, Sam, what have you been a doing?"

"Nothing, mother, only talking a little."

"Only talking? do you hear that? he says he's only been talking—did you ever hear anything like that?"

"Well, Dad, did I do anything else?"

"Do? did? you talked like a fool, Sam."

"Now, husband, do keep cool, and tell me what the trouble is—you get so wrathy if things don't go to suit you—now what's the matter?"

"Ask Sam."

"Sam, what is the matter?"

"Ask Dad."

"Well, I guess you had better eat your dinners, and you'll feel better after it," replied Mrs Dana, pettishly puckering up her mouth and nose slightly, perhaps contemptuously.

Dinner disappeared wonderfully quick—the elder Sam laid to it with great speed and strength; the younger Sam kept his eye on his author and strove to keep pace with him in all his movements—they finished together—they left the house in precise order—they shouldered their hoes as orderly as veterans, they recommenced their labors in the field at the same moment, and together, for near two hours, they toiled as if hoeing for a wager—the silence was broken by a sharp, quick "Sam!" from the elder Dana, at the same instant coming to a stop.

"Well," was the instant reply.

"Go to the tailor and get measured for a freedom suit"—and at it they went again; another half hour passed in silence, and then came again "Sam!"

"Well."

"I'll give you $100 to start with."

Another half hour passed; they begin to slacken their speed.

"Sam?"

"Well."

"What are you going to do?"

"Going peddling."

They hoed a full hour at a moderate pace.

"Sam!"

"Well."

"I'll give you the red horse and wagon."

A few minutes more of moderate hoeing and the elder Dana "guessed" that it was time to drive up the cattle, so Sam started for the pasture, and the father started for the house—the trouble was all over.

Sam went to town for his freedom suit—his old clothes were nicely mended, washed and packed away in his chest—his mother and sister were busy all the remaining time of his minority fixing off Sam, and when the day came for him to leave home all were pleasant, and with a light heart he drove off.

Sam was happy. After he had driven over the hill, he pulled up his horse to have a talk to himself: said he, "I'm a man—Sam you're a man, one-and-twenty yesterday—old horse you're mine, Sam owns you—old wagon, I own you, you're Sam's property—a cool hundred in your pocket, Sam—a chest full of clothes (here he threw oped the lid) twenty pairs of socks, sixteen shirts, and lots of drawers—a suit of new clothes, bright buttons—six pairs of boots, and what is this? two mince pies, some cheese, and a pound-cake—that's the gals' work. I own the whole of this crowd—horse, wagon, chest and contents, and driver, ha, ho!" and Sam Dana laughed loud and long, then he halloed, shouted, laughed again, speechified to the old horse, talked to Sam, drummed on his chest, crowed, barked, cackled—imitated every thing he could think of, by turns.—Sam Dana was a happy fellow, quite crazy with joy.

Sam drove on. An hour and a half after he left his father's house he hitched his horse in front of the Melville pottery.—With the proprietor he bargained for a little load of earthenware, such as milk pans, beanpots, jugs, &c., agreeing to settle for the load, as soon as he could turn it into cash, and then take another on the same terms, and so continue as long as the arrangements should be agreeable to both parties. His load was soon selected, carefully packed in his wagon, and away he drove. After proceeding a few miles over the country, Sam stopped his horse and took a birds-eye inventory of his load, calculating his probable profits if he had good luck, lunched of his mince pies and cheese and was just preparing to mount and drive on to a market, when his horse took a sudden fright and started off like a deer. Sam pursued, yelling "Whoa" like a madman. The old horse sheered off the side of the road, and over went the wagon, down a steep, rugged bank—the body parted from the forward wheels—chest and earthen ware went hilter-skilter in crashing, smashing confusion, down the precipice. Sam stopped a moment, gave a prolonged whistle, and dashed after his horse as fast as his legs could carry him. At the end of an hour's chase he returned, and after considerable trouble he succeeded in getting his wagon together, gathered up his clothing which had been disturbed in the general smash, collected in a heap the fragments of his load, and took a parting look at it, with the consoling remark that it was of "no use to cry for spilt milk." He then mounted his cart and drove off to a neighboring tavern, where he put up for the night. Next morning, in good season, Sam Dana hitched his horse in front of the Melville pottery, and made his way into the counting room.

"Well, Mr Dana," said the proprietor, have you turned your load so quick?"

"Yes, sir," said Sam, triumphantly, "I have turned it, and can turn fifty loads more."

"Is it possible? Well, you shall have just as many loads as you want."

"I guess I'll settle for the load I took along yesterday," said Sam.

The bill was produced, Sam paid over the cash, and merely remarked that he did'nt know as he should want any more ware, wished the potter a good day, mounted his chest, and drove in the direction of Bow.

On arriving at his homestead, he unharnessed his old horse turned him out to feed, lugged his chest up stairs to its old place, rigged himself out in his working suit, shouldered his hoe, made for the cornfield and went to work. Sam Dana jr., is entirely cured of his straying notions; he says, he got cured for something less than fifty dollars, and he intends in future to keep clear of all attacks of the troublesome complaint; in short, he means to spend his days in the land where he was brought up—free and happy, turning the soil, for a sure return of profits and independent livelihood. Sam Dana is a sensible fellow; and there are others who might as well profit by his experience and example.—*Sunday Mercury.*

Selling Snakes.

A short time ago, as one of our steamboats was wending her way to the head of navigation, she "brought up at an intermediate port between this place and the junction of the Chattahoche and Flint rivers, for the purpose of wooding or landing freight. As soon as she touched the bank, bow line made fast and plank out, she was boarded by one of those not very rare specimens of humanity, a full grown live hoosier, bearing all the outward marks and brands which designate the "green horn" genius. Only waiting till the noise made by blowing off steam had ceased, with his hat drawn on his eyes and his arms firmly buried to the elbows in his "trowserloons" pockets, he marched resolutely up to the clerk of the boat and in a loud uncultivated tone inquired "If he did'nt want to buy a young rattle snake?" The clerk, like most of the "boys" on our steamboats, being particularly fond of a joke, and knowing the man, immediately conceived a plan by which some fun might be had. Assuming an air as serious as a judge, he propounded to the snake man many questions as to the size, age, color and order of his reptile, gravely remarking, after all his interrogations had been answered satisfactorily, that "he was not just then in the snake market himself but there was a commercial house in Apalachicola who were loading a ship for Liverpool, and that part of the cargo was to consist of a rare collection of wild beasts, birds and reptiles; that every thing curious was in great demand, and snakes if they were the *real pizen*, would readily bring from fifteen to twenty dollars a head." The hoosier, elated with the thought of what a handsome sum he could make, thanked the clerk profoundly for his information, and immediately set out for home, where he ordered all hands to drop everything else, and go to catching snakes.

By the time the next boat passed that way, bound for this port, he had succeeded in capturing, alive and unharmed, a barrel of the most poisonous serpents; embracing every variety and hue that crawled in his "diggins"—the adder, the moccasin, the rattle snake, &c., &c., of all ages and sizes. Having them placed on board the boat, regularly shipped in good order and well conditioned, marked and numbered as in the margin, and to be delivered in Apalachicola, to Messrs. B. & H. (as per direction of the clerk aforesaid,) he paid his passage, and took them in his own care, to make their delivery doubly certain. As soon as he had arrived here, his first inquiry was for the location of the above firm, having found which, he presented himself with all the dignity of a man engaged in legitimate trade, stated the information he had received from the steamboat clerk, and desired that his snakes should be put up at once upon the market.

Understanding the hoax at once, and determined not to spoil the fun, Messrs. H. & B. regretted that they had just filled their last order for snakes, but had no doubt they would meet with ready sale, as there were several houses in the trade, and he was directed to one of these. By this time, the news became general, and every body knew that there was a snake vender in town, and all had a disposition to humor the joke. Reading the signs along as he went, our snake friend soon presented himself at another counter and demanded "if they didn't want to buy some snaix?" There he was interrogated with business-like gravity, as to the age, size and species, to which he replied that "they were all sizes—little, midlin' and big, old, young and middle-aged; spreadin' adders, copper bellied, highland, and water moccasins; striped and yaller rattle snakes; but they were all the genuine pizen, warranted to bite if they could, and kill if they bit."

These were just the kind they had wanted and they were extremely sorry he had not arrived a day or two earlier, as it was probable they might have purchased the whole lot." However, there was a firm, a few doors below who were in the snake market, and who would no doubt be glad of so good an opportunity of furnishing their friends in Liverpool with such a variety of poisonous serpents; and to this house he was directed. In this way the poor, unsuspecting, unsophisticated snake catcher was driven from house to house, from number to number, until at last the day began to wane and the prospects of a sale to grow dim, he presented himself, with flushed cheek and perspiring forehead, to the captain of one of our vessels, who, he had been told, would probably take the whole lot at a fair price, and asked in a despairing and almost suppliant tone, "*Don't* you want to buy *my snaix*."—The captain was prepared for the question as the joke had reached the climax—and an unaffected, irresistable roar of laughter broke from the crowd who had collected to hear his last appeal. The snake man stood aghast, the very picture of utter amazement and wonder: but verdant as he was, a ray of light broke upon him, and he began to understand that he had been completely taken in. If any doubts lingered about his obtuse intellect, they were effectually removed by the remarks of the crowd.

"Well," said he, after pausing awhile as if bringing his mind to a focus upon the extent of his wrongs—"well, it's a d——d mean trick any how, to serve a feller.—Here I've had three niggers two days a ketchin' snaix, takin a site of pains to set 'em without a bruise or scratch—run the risk of bein' bit by the blasted pizen things—paid three dollars to come down the d——d old boat, deck passage at that, and the danger of bustin' up thrown in—paid thirty-seven-and-a-half cents freight on the barrel—lost three days work myself and wore my legs a'most off trampin' over your ister shells and sand—got your nasty fleas all over me a bitin' and hant sold nary snake! It's a low life trick, any way you can fix it, and that's what a feller gits by havin' any dealin's with your steamboat clerks and your town people—the outlienist set in all creation! I'll chop every snaix head off, and take 'em home, for they shouldn't crawl in no such dod rotted place as this is!" And the "green 'un" was downright savage. To appease his wrath, however, the boys treated to the best the town afforded; made up a subscription to pay his passage back home, in the cabin, and promised never to buy a snake of any body but him, because he produced the real pizen breed.

Having put his threat of beheading the serpents into execution, he left our city in the return boat, with his barrel of dead vipers, in much better humor than could have been expected—declaring, however, most roundly to the last, that "he'd never believe a d——d steamboat clerk again as long as he lived, and that he had made his first and last trip to Apalachicola.—*Apalachicola Adv.*

Miseries of Indolence.

None so little enjoy life, and are such burdens to themselves, as those who have nothing to do. The active only have the true relish of life. He who knows not what it is to labor, knows not what it is to enjoy. Recreation is only valuable as it unbends us. The idle know nothing of it. It is exertion that renders rest delightful, and sleep sweet and undisturbed. That the happiness of life depends on the regular prosecution of some laudable purpose, or calling, which enlarges, helps, and enlivens all our powers, let those in active usefulness retire to enjoy themselves.—They are a burden to themselves.

There is a sentiment as beautiful as just contained in the following lines—

"He who forgets the fountain from which he drank, and the tree under whose shade he gamboled in the days of his youth, is a stranger to the sweetest impressions of the human heart.

The climax of human indifference has arrived when a woman don't care how she looks.

PALMER SENTINEL.

Palmer Depot, Sept. 10, 1846.

THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered wishing to continue their subscriptions.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the offices where they are directed, they are held responsible till they have settled their bill and ordered their paper discontinued.

4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publishers, and the paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

5. The Courts have decided that refusing to take a paper from the office, or removing and leaving it uncalled for, is "prima facie" evidence of intentional fraud.

6. When Postmasters notify Publishers that their papers are not taken from their offices, they should do it by letter *frnnked*, and not by sending the papers back. They should also give the reason the subscriber gives, if any, for not taking his paper.

Correspondence of the Sentinel.

NEWPORT. R. I., *August 28th*, 1846.

SIRS:—In my last, which was dated at East Greenwich, I gave you an imperfect, physical outline of that place, as also a sketch of its industrial pursuits. In connection therewith, I should have mentioned a fact, which may be of interest to the unconfirmed Benedicts of your region, to wit:—that it is ascertained that there are in the place, sixty-six in number of that class somewhat disdainfully termed by some, incorrigible "old maids," besides a considerable number, who are beating against the tide of time, fearful of finding themselves of a cold December in the same unfortunate category.

Leaving East Greenwich by private conveyance for Wickford, a village in North Kingston, I had a fine opportunity of judging of the condition of the soil, as adapted to Agricultural pursuits. The land, as far as the eye wanders appears almost level—of a light soil and easy of cultivation,—much like our plain land, and susceptible of bearing without much attention, crops hardly sufficient to reward the farmer for his toil. Still we should judge that there are many good farms in the country,—the composts of the barn-yard, and the liberal sprinkling of fish called manhayden, gives a richness to the soil that is told in the prolific crops, which the land thus supplied, gives to the farmer for his pains.—Passing one of the fields covered with manhayden so liberally that the plow will not shield them from sight, you would imagine that it must have been in Rhode Island that the sarcastic Randolph obtained the idea which led him in his controversy with a distinguished Statesman in Congress, to give expression to that *peculiarly classic* sentiment, "*shines and stinks and stinks and shines like a rotten mackerel by moonlight.*"—certainly one passing a field covered with fish may realize the *striking* force of the sentiment.

En passant—speaking of the farms in Rhode Island reminds me of the lands in Bristol County in your State,—which generally have a low barren appearance, ill adapted to cultivation, and the purposes of Agriculture. Perhaps this may, in a degree, account for the supineness which has come over the Democratic party in District No. 9. This District within a half dozen years has given a Democratic majority of nineteen hundred, and is now in a minority of nearly half that number.—We would seriously advise the political underwriters of the party in that District to abandon it, and dispose of its availables before it is left, high and dry—a perfect wreck.

NEWPORT—Its past history is known to all your readers—one of the first settled places in New England of importance—located upon the southern extremity of the Island which gives a name to the State, and on the confines of the noblest Bay on the Atlantic coasts, it has been in all our warlike contests with the British Government exposed to assaults, and the blighting influences of war. Hence, for a place so eligibly located, the spirit of enterprise has not kept pace here with that of most other cities of the Union. It contains a population of about ten thousand, and in business importance is next to Providence of the towns of the State.—The principal street, which runs parallel with the shore of the harbor, presents a lively business aspect, it is narrow, with narrow side-walks—and, in business hours in a state of almost perfect blockade.—With the exception of the Custom House building, and one or two cotton manufacturing establishments, Bank buildings and Hotels, the buildings are unworthy of notice, except from the veneration which age inspires towards everything of antiquity, animate or inanimate. Some of the buildings look as if they had contested with the corroding tooth of time for a century, and most of them are built with gable-roofs, and one-story high. At your first entrance to the town, every thing has the appearance of, to us, antiquity. Leaving the main street about midway from its extremes, is a small park or common, nearly at the head of which, stands *one* of the State Houses of the State. You will bear in mind, that the Legislature, or General Assembly of the Commonwealth holds its sessions in different parts of the State—and wherever you find a Court House you may look upon the place as *one* of the Capitols of Rhode Island and Providence plantations. The State House here is also a Court House in which the Supreme Court for the trial of cases by jury is in session, (they have no low terms in Rhode Island, the judges settling points of law as trials progress.) It is a plain building, two stories high, with a belfry upon its roof; no larger than the Court House in your County, and no better adapted for the purposes for which it was primarily designed. Passing from the State House you may rise easterly some one hundred feet above the sea, to the *ad sum bonum* of fashionable life. At a glance you may review hotels—the Atlantic, the Bellvue and the Ocean House, either of them good enough for Patrician,—none too good for Plebian. From what little I have seen commend me to the Atlantic or Bellvue rather than the Ocean House. Connected with the latter, however, you may find the resorts of your saints in purple—the purse-proud, haughty, supercilious votary of *fashionable life*—Bowling Saloons, Pistol Gallery and the tap-room. The place per se, is agreeable, still there are but few private residences worthy of note;—one however opposite the Ocean House, is of magnificent style, and is occupied by a widow lady of English extraction, by name of Johnson; we got a glimpse at her person, and should pronounce it fair from the point of observation, though "distance may lend enchantment to the view." She was the dark side of forty, in age, and in *solid* qualifications less than 200 averdepois. We should like her *domains*, and be correspondingly pleased with *her absence*.

The gay season has passed its meridian—still, the "savans are here." There is no turbaned Turk here, but you may find *jews* in American costume. Here is the Frenchman, with overstrained politeness—the millionaire with servants bound at their bidding,—the emaciated, in pursuit of health, and him of aldermanic-proportions seeking the supporting sea-breeze to bear his huge dimensions. You may find the pert Misseses with curling ringlets and deep blue eyes, enchanting with the magic wan of their loveliness the stoical and heart-hardened of the other sex. Here is also the coxcomb, brainless and moneyless, with more impudence than good breeding, he shining the light of his superiors.

Newport is *now* what Balston and Saratoga in their day have been at the head of the watering places in the Union, and it is certainly a most inviting place of resort—her beautiful beach, and invigorating sea-breeze will ever entice the fashionable during the summer solstice. Still the popular mind is fickle and changing.—Some new place may spring up which will leave Newport a place of secondary importance as Ballston and Saratoga now are. East of Newport is Middletown where there is a place known as purgatory. I have visited its portals, but dared not enter its *unknown* regions. It is situated between the Town Beach in Newport and Situest Beach in Middletown, and is formed by a peak in the rocky bluff which rises from sixty to eighty feet, and divides the beach—the cavern is from six to eight feet in width, running with the rock several rods and every swell of the sea rolls its water into its subterranean depth in awful grandeur. This, with the hanging rocks a short distance from it with Fort Adams, are all the places of resort around the city, which, with riding, sailing, fishing and bathing, constitute the principal attention of the sojourner here. The social chit-chat for the more sedate, and the love protestations and flirtings of juveniles makes up what is considered the better hours of existence—the hey-day of life. You may see much that glitters here—the vain efforts to ape foreign aristocracy, but there must necessarily be more of the spirit and bearing of equality. Coming together as the people do it is difficult to divine who are the really rich, and who is poor, who is honorable, and who dishonorable, and there is more freedom and ease as the result of absence from the restraints of which a knowledge of certain conditions foolishly throws over society.

I am yours, &c., *

THE WEATHER for the past twelve days has been oppressively hot. Mercury ranging from 85 to 100 deg. at midday, with but slight modification during the day and night. There probably is no person living who has experienced so hot weather and so long continuance at this season of the year, nor even in the months of July or August. The ground is parched and thirsty—the atmosphere feels dry and burning, and it is with much exertion that we find ourselves able to endure the rays of the sun or exist in the shade. The same appears to be the case east, west, north, and as far south as New York.—The editor of the N. Y. Tribune says six horses dropped down dead in that place on Sunday, from the effects of the heat.

The man in a one horse wagon, with a broadbrim Palmetto Hat, who is in the habit of dropping Tomatoes, Muskmelons, &c., &c., at our door, and driving off slyly, will get caught and identified some of these days!—*Albany Journal.*

We were insulted in a like manner by having two large slices of most excellent wedding cake left at our office from MR. J. A. SQUIER & LADY, of Millbury, and MR. A. BUMSTED & LADY, of Monson.—Our thanks to the donors.

Answers to the Enigma in our last is Flag of our Union. No answer has been received.

THE BOSTON THEATRE.—We infer from the following criticism in Monday evening's Transcript, that the new theatre in Federal street is not altogether a pure school of morals:

"We would take occasion also to suggest to the Manager, the propriety of directing those that play the parts of clowns, and *all others* who may be inclined to "speak more than is set down for them," whenever they think proper to introduce interpolations into the text, that they shall not be *profane!* Such "pitiful" attempts though "they may make the unskillful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve." The public have a right to expect some little attention to this matter, in view of the pledge of the manager, to make the establishment all that can justly be expected on the part of the 'enlightened friends of the stage.'"

THE AMERICAN TRAVELLER is actually *the very best paper* for news, that we know of. It is published in Boston by Bouker, Flanders,& Co., and edited by F. Andrews and G. Punchard, at $2,00 in advance, or $2,50 at the end of six months. At the same office is published the Daily Evening Traveller, at $4,00, per annum—and the American Traveller, Semi-Weekly, on Tuesdays and Fridays at $4,00 per annum, in advance.

SUDDEN DEATHS.—We understand that on Tuesday, Sept. 1st, John Snelling, Esq. member of the Common Council, Boston, was found dead in his bed. He went to bed in apparently good health. He was 62 years of age.

On the same day, one of the waiters at the Astor Hotel, New York, dropped dead whilst waiting on the table. As he was falling he exclaimed to his fellows—"Good bye, boys—I'm going!" and instantly expired.

"Wednesday, very warm."—*Palmer Sentinel.*

"What say you to Thursday, neighbor."—*Springfield Gaz.*

Well, Thursday was *hot*, Friday *hotter*, and Saturday *hottest*; the remainder of the warm days are not to be compared with anything that ever grew in this country.

The Voice of Industry says that the new Prescott Mills in that city, have their complement of machinery nearly in serving order; besides several other mills rapidly progressing to completion—and inquires, "Where are the girls to come from?"—That's it, Mr Voice, where are they? We should think Maine was pretty well drained by this time.

"The weather in this month of September, is oppressively hot and dry—very little behind the warmest we have had this warm summer. This is for distant readers, as it would be no news to any body hereabouts."—*Keene Republican.*

How distant? We know of no one this side of the Atlantic that you can inform.

NEW CARS.—We learn from the Traveller, that the Worcester Railroad Company have just placed upon their road a number of new passenger cars of their own construction—that is they were built in the workshop of the corporation. They combine neatness, elegance, comfort, convenience, and strength, more completely than any other railroad carriages which we have seen.

A PUN.—The United States Gazette perpetrates the following:

"The Boston people have had an earthquake, and are naturally proud of it. Our brother of the New York Tribune is jealous for the honor of New York, and is devising ways and means to get up an earthquake there. Let them quarrel it out, say we; Boston may quake, and New York may quake, but after all, Philadelphia will be the *Quaker* city."

RUNAWAY.—The N. Y. Sun says that a man named John Betts, of Rochester, was suspected of running off with his wife's sister to Buffalo. The telegraph undertook to forward a description of the parties to ensure an arrest, but communication was cut off. It is thought that Betts severed the wires, as he boasted he would do so in such an emergency.

SUDDEN DEATH.—Walter Browne, late Mayor of the city of New York, died very suddenly last Friday morning. Mr B. early in life, was a large hardware dealer, and amassed a handsome fortune, and was subsequently conspicuous as a politician. He was a State Senator, member of the Council of appointment, and for several years Mayor; a man of business and of strict integrity, esteemed by all classes.—He was about 76 years of age.

The Millerites have been holding a Camp Meeting on the the "sunny side of a hill," in Brimfield, during three or four of the warmest days last week.

They are full in the belief that the end of the world is coming sometime next October.

"Where's the watchman? We need him."—*Palmer Sentinel.*

"So we could have told you long ago."—*Springfield Gaz.*

What *does* the man mean?

WOLF FIGHT IN CANADA.—About a fortnight ago a young man named Wm. Jackson, in one of the back settlements, says the Bytown (Canada) Gazette, was returning from the woods, where he had spent part of the day shooting pigeons.—When within about a mile of home he heard a crackling in the underwood behind him, and turning to learn the cause of the noise, he beheld three enormous wolves coming directly towards him. He saw no chance of escape, and determined to fight it out as his only hope of safety.—He threw his game, placed his back against a large tree, and silently awaited the attack of the ferocious animals. The wolves approached and walked round him two or three times at a short distance but seeing no chance of attack behind, they advanced in front.

When they were within a few feet, he leveled his gun, and fired the barrels in succession, and two of the wolves fell mortally wounded; the third sprang at him, and was saluted on the head with a stunning blow from the butt end of the piece, but the animal, recovering, seized the young man by the leg and both fell to the ground together in a deadly struggle, in which the wolf tore his antagonist severely in different parts of the body.—Feeling himself growing weak from loss of blood, the youth with some difficulty drew a knife from his pocket, made one desperate plunge at the savage animal, and immediately fell exhausted and senseless at the foot of a tree awfully mangled in the conflict, and covered with blood.

When consciousness returned, the sight of his three enemies lying dead beside him awakened his wandering senses to the reality, and his almost miraculous escape from death. His knife he found sticking firmly to the handle in the heart of his latest foe.

With great difficulty he reached home and alarmed his friends, who repaired to the spot with lights and brought home the skins of the dead wolves as trophies of what we may justly call an extraordinary exploit. The hero of the fight (as we may call him) has nearly recovered from his wounds, although he will bear to his grave the broad scars of his triumphant and deadly struggle with the three wolves.

OUTRAGE AT SARATOGA.—The Saratoga Republican informs us that a disgraceful scene was enacted in that village on Wednesday last. A woman known as Madame Jumel—but better known, probably, as "the widow of Aaron Burr"—entered the village, it seems, in a coach with four horses, and two servants or postillions in livery. This exercise of liberty excited the indignation of some of the rowdies, who proceeded at once to show their resentment by rigging out another four-horse establishment, with a negro in the carriage and two white fellows mounted as postillions. In this manner they accompanied the other carriage, crossing its path, impeding its progress, and insulting its occupant in a variety of ways. The insulted party intends to institute a criminal complaint against the participants in this shameful and cowardly outrage.

AN AIRY BED-ROOM.—A professional gentleman in this city, who has his own notions of all matters—some of them very queer ones—places his cot on a low, flat roof which is connected with his domitory, these hot nights, and there sleeps with his face turned up to the full moon. Whether he instinctively burrows when a thunder storm is gathering, he has not told us; but from what is known of his habits we have little doubt that it is so. The morning star wakes him at its rising; and he is studying astronomy while other people—very foolishly, as he believes—are wasting their time and health in bed-rooms which man has made to shut out the bright light and pure air of heaven.—*Am. Traveller.*

A RACE.—Quite an exciting scene was presented in our streets last evening. A large number of horses, a hundred or more, belonging to the United States, got frightened at Portland, and started off on a regular stampede.

They came up Main street in gallant style, each one seeming anxious to prove that his mettle, wind and bottom were superior to those of all his competitors.—What became of them we are not able to say; when we last heard of them they showed no disposition to cease their sport.—*Louisville Journal, 21st.*

THE MORMONS.—The excitement at Nauvoo on the 24th was at a high pitch. The Mormons were hourly expecting an attack from the anties. They were in arms, prepared for a fight, and were backed up by their allies, the new citizens of Nauvoo.

The last accounts from Council Bluffs state that a large body—five or six thousand—of the emigrating Mormons, were encamped in that vicinity, where they were expecting to pass the winter. They had provisions enough to last them a year.—*Traveller.*

A new Post Office has been established in the new City of Andover, which bears the title of *Merrimac.* It is very sickly among the laborers at that place.

Oscar R. Stone, the celebrated circus proprietor, of the firm of Rockwell & Stone, died at Boston on the 27th.

SIGNOR BLITZ.—The Hartford Times tells the following good story of the Signor (who is now playing at the Boston Museum,) which displays his dexterity and good humor in the most enviable light:—

A clergyman came into the public house where he was stopping, and without knowing the Signor was present, commenced talking pretty severely against the trickery. The Signor bore it very good naturedly, and stepping up to the clergyman, expressed his opinion that such language came with an ill grace from one who had a pack of cards in his pocket; and who had come there for the purpose of gambling! This charge was received with great surprise by the gentlemen present; and the parson was in a towering passion at the insinuation. The Signor reiterated his charge, and agreed to prove it. The clergyman defied his examination, but lo and behold! he pretended to take from the parson's bosom, a pack of cards! another pack was found in his hat, and a box of dice in his coat pocket! If he had been caught with a sheep in his pocket, he could not have been more surprised; and joining in the general laugh, he evinced a determination to be out of the Signor's company as soon as possible.

A LUDICROUS MISTAKE.—A Cincinnati grocery house, finding out that cranberries commanded six dollars per bushel, and under the impression that the article could be bought to advantage at St. Mary's, wrote out to a customer, acquainting him with the fact and requesting him to send "one hundred bushels per Simmons," (the wagoner usually sent.) The correspondent, a plain uneducated man, had considerable difficulty in deciphering the fashionable scrawl common with merchants' clerks of late years, and the most important word, "cranberries," he failed to make out, but he did plainly and clearly read—*one hundred bushels Persimmons.* As the article was growing all around him, all the boys in the neighborhood were set to gathering it, and the wagoner made his appearance in due time in Cincinnati with eighty bushels, all that the wagon-bed would hold, and a line from the country merchant that the remainder would follow the next trip. An explanation soon ensued but the customer insisted that the Cincinnati house should have written *by* Simmons and not *per* Simmons.

A YOUNG TRAVELLER.—We saw yesterday morning a young lad about fifteen years of age, named William Bordell, who had just arrived in this city from Illinois, having started in June, and travelled the whole distance on foot, passing through Indiana, Ohio and Western Pennsylvania, following the National Road. He was on his way to New York city, where his friends reside, and which he purposes to reach in the same way. We learn that he left New York eighteen months since, where he followed the occupation of "a News Boy," and having saved a considerable sum of money determined to make a tour through the country, which he has done, on foot, and a greater part of the time alone—traversing a greater portion of the Western States. He is certainly one of the "Bo-hoys," and if energy and enterprise will make him a man, he is surely destined to be one. Success to him, wherever he may go.—*Baltimore Clipper.*

The German newspapers speak of a curious invention lately made in that country. It is a sort of bed, admirably suited to form the sleeping furniture of all lodging rooms. This bed, invented by a Bohemian workman is so constructed that, by means of a concealed mechanism, the mere pressure of the body produces a delicious strain of Auber's music, lasting long enough to call down a gentle slumber upon eyes the least somnolent. At the head of the couch is a timepiece, of which one has only to set the hands at the hour one likes, and precisely at that time the bed strikes up a match by Spontini, with an accompaniment of drums and cymbals, capable of working Epimenides himself, or that eternal slumberer in wax-work exhibitions, the "sleeping beauty." This marvellous mattress, then, will offer equal advantages to those who can't sleep and those who can't wake.—*Ex. Paper.*

Maj. Ringgold's Grave, at Point Isabel, is a very unique affair, and exhibits the affection of his gallant comrades. Four posts stand one at each corner, connected at top and bottom by pieces of timber;—through the upper pieces are bored holes at six inches apart, through which musket barrels, captured from the Mexicans, are inserted, and resting on the bottom with the bayonets fixed they form a singular kind of iron railing. The whole has a coating of black paint. The grave has suitable head and footboards. Such is the resting place of our gallant Ringgold. To the American this information will have more of poetry, of heart-stirring sympathy, than all the elaborate muse has said or sung of Napoleon's grave.—*N. Y. Sun.*

MUSTER AT SPRINGFIELD.—The 10th Regiment of Infantry and the 3d Regiment of Artillery, of the Sixth Brigade, Mass. Militia, muster at Springfield on the 30th inst. (Tuesday,) for review and inspection. Adj. Gen. Oliver has signified his intention to be present and review the troops.—*Springfield Republican.*

ATTEMPT TO MURDER THE DEPUTY WARDEN OF THE CT. STATE PRISON.—An attempt was made Monday forenoon, by a colored prisoner, named George Wilson, to take the life of Mr Walker, the Deputy Warden. It appears that Wilson was sawing wood in the prison yard when Mr Walker, noticing that he did it in so slanting a manner as to saw through double the distance necessary, spoke to him on the subject. To this he made no reply, but taking an axe in his right hand commenced hacking very carelessly. As the Warden was passing him, he noticed that he took hold of the axe with both hands, and turning round to be on the look-out for danger, he received a blow on his forehead from the head of an axe, which knocked him down and partially stunned him. The prisoner then aimed another blow at his head, but Mr Walker in his efforts to ward it off, was struck on the calf of one his legs by the edge of the axe, which cut nearly through the small bone. A third blow was received from the edge of the axe on his arms. The prisoner was aiming a fourth blow at the head of the Warden, which would probably have proved fatal, when he was fired upon by one of the guard, and a ball entered his thigh, badly fracturing the bone, and passing entirely through.

The Deputy Warden is badly hurt, but not dangerously. He has been connected with the Prison for many years, having been there under the administration of Mr Pilsbury, and has the reputation of being an excellent officer. Of course no human foresight could guard against an event of this nature. The prisoner is confined for an attempt to kill. His term of imprisonment is for five years, two of which have expired. He is an ugly fellow and once tried to kill Mr Strong when he was Deputy Warden.

Capt. Johnson, the Warden of the Prison, is absent in New York.—*Hartford Courant.*

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SLEEP.—When sleep is not very profound, the senses in a certain degree, are excitable, and the conception of ideas by the mind does not entirely cease, consequently dreams occur. If a light is suddenly brought into a room where a person is in this kind of sleep, he will either dream of being under the equator, or in a tropical landscape, or of wandering in the fields in a clear summer's day, or of fire. If a door is slammed, but not so loud as to awake the sleeper, he will dream of thunder; and if his palms be gently tickled, his dreams will be of ecstatic pleasure. If some particular idea completely occupies the mind during the waking state, it will recur in dreams during sleep; hence the minds of these unfortunate people (witches) mentioned in the text, being strongly impressed with the idea of being present at the Sabbath, the dreams would apparently realize that event. If a person folds his arms closely over his breast, he is likely to dream of being held down by force, and the images of the persons employed in holding him down will be also present to his mind.—The predominant emotions of the mind influence greatly the character of dreams.—*Old Paper.*

THE BOWIE KNIFE AND ITS INVENTOR.—This instrument was devised by Col. James Bowie, an American, and a man of desperate valor. He considered, and apparently with justice, too, that, in close fighting, a much shorter weapon than the sword ordinarily in use, but still *heavy* enough, to give it sufficient force, and at the same time, contrive to cut and thrust, would be far preferable, and more advantageous to the wearer. He accordingly invented the short sword, or knife, which has since gone under his name. It is made of various sizes; but the best, I may say, is about the length of a carving knife—case perfectly straight in the first instance, but greatly rounded at the end on the edge of the side; the upper edge at the end, for the length of about two inches, is ground into the small segment of a circle and rendered sharp; thus leaving an apparent curve of the knife, although in reality the upturned point is not higher than the line of the back. The back itself gradually increases in weight of metal as it approaches the hilt, on which a small guard is placed. The bowie knife, therefore, has a curved keen point; is double-edged for the space of about a couple of inches of its length; and, when in use, falls with the weight of a bill-hook. I have heard it stated, that a blow from one well wielded is sufficient to break a man's arm. Certain it is, that I have myself seen skulls of Mexicans brought from the battle ground of San Jacinto, on which Texas gained her independence, that were cleft nearly through the thickest part of the bone *behind*, evidently at one blow, with sufficient force to throw out extensive cracks, like those of a started glass. This is more true to fact, than complimentary to Mexican valor. At the same time, it proves that old adages may occasionally be mistaken. "He that fights and runs away," does not always "*live* to fight another day." Bowie went to Texas during the troubles which preceded the independence of that country, and was lying sick in bed at the Fortress of the Alamo, when, on the 6th of March, 1836, it was stormed by Santa Anna and taken. Bowie was murdered there upon his pillow. The hand that formed the dreadful knife could no longer wield it.

EATON, THE PEDESTRIAN.—This old man completed his task on Wednesday, of walking 1000 miles in 1000 consecutive hours. He is a wonderful walker. He walked in 1818 a quarter of a mile in a quarter of an hour successively, for six weeks; 1815, 1100 miles, at a mile an hour; 1816, 1100 miles, beginning each mile within 20 minutes after each hour; 1816, 1993 half miles in 1993 consecutive half hours; 1817, 2000 miles in 42 days 1845, 51 miles daily for 20 successive days.

BURNT TO DEATH.—We learn from the Springfield Republican, that a son of Mr Otis G. Brainard, of Cabotville, aged two years, was so shockingly burnt on Thursday of week before last, that he died in a few hours. The Telegraph says that his clothes took fire, during the absence of his mother, but in what manner is not known. When she returned the clothes were all burnt off, and the body burnt to a crisp.

☞ **The body of Hosea Reckard, was found by the roadside in Windsor, Berkshire Co., on the morning of the 19th ult. The Pittsfield Sun, says, "it was evident that he came to his death by violence, as he bore the marks of severe blows upon his head and body. His jaw was broken, as also several of his ribs; and there were prints of the heel of a boot upon his chest.**

A man named Hugh Biggings has been committed to the jail at Lenox to await his trial for the murder of Reckard."

COMPLETION OF THE GIRARD COLLEGE.—The placing of the central crowning stone in the cornice of the pediment of the northern portico of the central building, was celebrated at Philadelphia with appropriate ceremonies. A brief address, appropriate to the occasion, was delivered by Mr Chandler of the U. S. Gazette.

LONGEVITY.—There is a family of nine brothers and sisters now living by the name of Harwood, children of Daniel Harwood of this town, whose united ages amount to 762 or an average of 78 years. There is another family by the name of Allen, consisting of six, whose united ages amount to 508 or an average of over 84 years.—*Barre Gaz.*

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—As the train was coming west, a few nights since, when just this side of Canandigua, a horse made his appearance on the track, and as the cars neared him, wheeled round to run.—The train however was too near, and struck one of his hind legs, cutting it entirely off near the knee. But notwithstanding this 'surgical operation,' he immediately turned round and run after the cars, bobbling along on three legs! The train was immediately stopped, and the horse properly cared for.—*Rochester Advertiser.*

"Well, my lad, where are you travelling this stormy weather, all alone?" asked an inquisitive landlord in the north of Vermont during the last war, of a small lad, whose father was engaged in smuggling, and had sent him, young as he was, on an important message, in advance of the party. "Going to draw my pension," was the reply. "Pension?" echoed the astonished landlord, "what does so small a lad as you draw a pension for?" "Minding my own business and letting that of others alone!" The landlord sloped.

VERY AFFECTING.—A farmer going to get his corn ground at a mill, borrowed a bag of one of his neighbors. The poor man was knocked in the water-wheel and the [illegible] went with him. He was drowned; and when the melancholy news was brought to his wife, she exclaimed, "my gracious, what a fuss there'll be about that bag!"

THE CABOTVILLE MIRROR is the title of a new Democratic Journal hailing from Cabotville. It is published every Saturday by Henry Russell, former editor of the Northampton Democrat. It appears well. Independent of its politics we wish it all the success it deserves.

"A GOOD MAN GONE."—the editor of the N. Y. Tribune thus heads a paragraph, announcing the finding of the body of a man in the North River, with a newspaper publisher's receipt in one of his pockets!

On Tuesday afternoon we had quite a refreshing shower, which cooled the air and laid the dust, much to the gratification of our good citizens.

Buildings are coming up rapidly in this village.

We this week insert the prices of produce selling at this village, of which are the following articles:—

Hay,	$10
Corn,	60 a 70
Rye,	67
Oats,	33
Eggs,	12 1-2
Flour,	$4 50 a 5 25
Cheese,	7
Butter,	14 a 17
Potatoes,	33
Apples,	25
Poultry,	10
Lard,	7 1-2 a 8 1-2
Tallow,	8 1-2
Pork,	6 3-4 a 8 1-2

LITTLE OF EVERYTHING.

There is much matter for serious reflection in the following few lines which we copy from the Times; true, there is as many honorable exception to the application of the moral among those who, fortunately or unfortunately, are born of wealthy parents, but it "strikes home" far too generally:

"A knowledge of starch and debauchery is too often all a rich man's son aspires to. The parlor is the scene of their oratory, and hair oil the care of their souls; poor creatures!"

It is said there is a man in Mississippi so saturated with whiskey that musquitoes, when they come in contact with his breath, fall down intoxicated and apparently lifeless.

You can know that a girl is not yet a woman, if she puts her hand over her mouth when she laughs. It is the most tenacious sign of girlhood.

If you have feelings of revenge, put off all thoughts of it till you wake up the next morning. The first light of day has love in it.

There has recently arrived in Paris a young English lady, already the widow of her fifth husband. This is the mare extraordinary, as the lady in question has not yet reached her 25th year.

A young dandy, who supported an enormous mustache, asked a lady what she thought of his looks.

"Why," said she, "you look as if you had swallowed a pony, and left the tail sticking out of your mouth."

Washington drew his *last* breath in the *last* hour in the *last* day of the *last* week of the *last* month of the *last* year in the *last* century. He died Saturday night, 12 o'clock, Dec. 31, 1799.

FROM NAUVOO.—A tremendous excitement has again broke out, and the citizens called to arms to quell the disturbance.

Many take less care of their conscience than of their reputation. The religious man fears, the man of honor scorns, to do an ill action.

Slander, says Lacon, cannot make the subject of it either better or worse. It may represent us in a false light, or trace a likeness of us in a bad one. But we remain the same. Not so with the slanderer—the slander that he utters makes him still worse, the slandered never.

No man is born nobler than another, unless he is born with better abilities and a more amiable disposition.

He only is a great man who can neglect the applause of the multitude, and enjoy himself independent of its favor.

As lofty trees not only call down refreshing showers, but also attract the lightning which destroys them, so mortals, who aspire to rise above the common level, must expect to gather tempests about their heads.

Give not thy tongue too great a liberty, lest it take thee prisoner; if thou desire to be held wise, be so wise as to hold thy tongue.

The soul of man is the cabinet the grace of God is the jewel: Christ will throw away the cabinet where he finds not the jewel.

Happy is the man who has a friend to point out to him the perfection of duty, and yet to pardon him in the lapses of his infirmity.

LEGAL FAT.—A correspondent of the New York Tribune says of the U. S. Court, "Judge Bett's relatives make, or did make until recently, $18,000 a year for folding, signing and arranging law papers, &c., merely as clerks; its District Attorney, B. F. Butler, took $58,500 of fees in 28 months."

FRUIT IN ENGLAND.—It is no unusual thing for an English lady to have on her table, at a party, fruit which costs from $2,000 to $2,500. A dinner was given by an English nobleman, some years since, for which the fruit alone cost $30,000.

There is a sign in an obscure street in New York with this inscription: "Coffee House and Eat-ery."—*N. Y. Sun.*

We printed a store bill last spring for a "merchant" living in the village of Hingo, Ind., who headed his advertisement:—"Shirtery, Sockery, Crockery and Drygoodsery."—*Cin. Times.*

A camp bed of grand qualities, has been invented in Cincinnati. One of the editors there says that "it shuts up like a jackknife, and seems nowhere."

When the young laugh at the old, they laugh at themselves beforehand.

The best snuff in the world, is a snuff of the morning air.

A ruffian recently bit off a man's ear.—Strange enough he was immediately bound over to keep the *peace*. Wonder if he has!

When a man argues from a definition, or builds a discussion upon a term, you may sit him down as a mechanical thinker.

Toads revive after being buried in rocks for countless centuries.

There is an old German proverb to the effect, that "A boy born in the month of October will be a critic, and a right surly one."

Fame has, like the Hebrew verb, no present tense.

Brighton Market has not been received, this week.

Let the suspecting always be suspected.

JUST PUBLISHED!

GREAT MEDICAL RE-PRINT!

First American, from the tenth English Edition.—Self-Management and cure of Pulmonary Consumption, and all diseases of the chest and lungs. By W. T. Buchan, M. D. of London, England. With a Portrait of the Author, and Engravings illustrative of the Anatomy of the Lungs.

Price only 25 Cents.

THIS work contains a brief and distinct description of the *Anatomy of the Chest and Lungs*—an outline of Dr. Buchan's *highly successful* method of treating Colds, Coughs, Asthma and Consumption—an account of his *new and powerful remedy*—and directions for *self-management and cure*, adapted to popular use.

It is the result of nearly twenty years' practice and experiment in the city of London, and the combined experience of the most learned Physicians and Surgeons of the age—forming a perfect Manual of medical knowledge and advice in relation to the anatomy of the Lungs, the signs, symptoms, treatment and cure of Pulmonary Complaints.

This Work and the treatment which it recommends, are held in the highest possible esteem in Great Britain, as the extracts from public journals, which are given in the appendix, will abundantly show. Dr. Buchan truly declares, that with this simple Guide, *"a consumptive patient may do more for himself than any ordinary physician can do, by any of the common methods of practice."*

Published by D. F. BRADLEE, 130 Washington street, Boston, and sold by all the Booksellers and dealers in new publications in the United States.

Price 25 cents per copy—the usual discount to the trade.

AGENTS.—Palmer Depot, A. Allen; Northampton, W. Hillyer; Amherst, N. Fitch; Belchertown, H. A. Longley; Ware, L. Dimond; Barre, Woods & Co., and by the dealers in medicine generally. 12

MR. STANTON.—Sir,—Seeing your advertisement of *Hunt's Liniment*, I was induced to try its effects on my son, who had been crippled with a lame back from an infant; and it is with gratitude I bear testimony to its wonderful healing properties. My child who is now five years of age, is now in a fair way of recovery. Yours, &c.,

DEMMON C. NICKERSON.

Post Office, Towners, Putnam Co.

I certify that I am personally acquainted with the above named child, and think the father would be safe in saying that his son is almost well.

JAS. W. DYCKMAN, Dep'y P. M.

November 5, 1845.

P. S. I would also state that I have been for a number of years subject to frequent attacks of the Rheumatism, which in many instances prevented my attending to my business. Two or three applications of the Liniment invariably remove all affections of the kind. In cases of bruises, sprains, and sores too numerous to mention, it has in this vicinity proved a certain remedy. Its value can only be estimated by those who have given it a fair trial.

The Liniment is sold by

D. F. McGILVRAY.

MARRIAGES.

In Worcester, Sept. 2d, by Rev. Geo. F. Smith, Mr Alonzo C. Squier, formerly of Palmer, to Miss Rebecca J. Park, of Milbury. With the above we received a very liberal slice of cake.

In Tolland, Ct. Aug. 26, Mr James Indicott, of Springfield, to Miss Eleanor Tillinghast of T.

DEATHS.

In Monson, Sept. 7th, infant daughter of John L. and Elisabeth Sanders.

In Auburn, Worcester co. Sept. 5th, Melissa L. only child of John M. Carpenter, "Stonevill" Auburn. after a painful sickness of twenty-two days, aged 5 months and 14 days.

STRAW CUTTERS.

HOVEY'S PATENT SPIRAL

STRAW CUTTERS. Also a good assortment of

WORCESTER PLOWS,

for sale at E. TENNEY'S, about one-half mile east of Palmer Depot, 35-3t.

FASHIONABLE

Tailoring Establisment!

L. A. BAILEY,

HAVING taken great pains to procure the most approved FASHIONS for the coming season, is now prepared to manufacture Garments of every style in the best manner at the lowest rates, and at the time specified.

Cutting done at Short Notice

and full and ample directions given in regard to making, and a

FIT WARRANTED.

The subscriber feeling grateful for the very liberal patronage heretofore extended to him, hopes by unremitting attention to business, to merit a continuance of the same. L. A. BAILEY.

Palmer Depot, Sept. 2, 1846, 34.

Wanted!

AT G. H. HUDSON & CO.'S Merchant Tailoring Establishment, 6 Coat Makers, 3 Vest do. 3 Pants do. By applying at the store or address a line soon, those who are desirous of getting a situation for the season, can have a good one, and good pay as long as they work.

GEORGE H. HUDSON & CO.

Ware Village, Sept. 9, 1846. 34-3t

Wanted!

4 GOOD TAILORESSES will find immediate employment, by calling on

THEODORE C. DENEKEE.

Monson, Aug. 30, 1846. 34-6t

Dentistry.

H. M. EMERSON,

CONTINUES to perform *all* operations on the Teeth, at his rooms at

MR. LAMBERT ALLEN'S.

All persons requiring his services are respectfully requested to *call* as soon as convenient.

He will be at his room over H. G. Hale's Store, in Thorndike, next Monday.

Runaway.

THIS certifies that my wife Maria Simonds, has left my bed and board, and I hereby forbid all persons from trusting or harboring her on my account after this date. JOHN SIMONDS.

Three Rivers, Sept. 2, 1846.

A FEW pieces more of those Black German Cloths, which have given so good satisfaction just received and for sale at the depot store.

D. F. McGILVRAY.

STANTON'S EXTERNAL REMEDY,

—CALLED—

HUNT'S LINIMENT,

IS NOW UNIVERSALLY ACKNOWLEDGED TO BE

The Infallible Remedy

For Rheumatism, Spinal Affections, Contraction of the Muscles, Sore Throat and Quinsy, Issues, Old Ulcers, Pains in the Back and Chest, Ague in the Breast and Face, Tooth-Ache, Sprains, Bruises, Salt Rheum, Burns, Croup, Frosted Feet, and all Nervous Diseases.

THE TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS

Which has attendeded the application of this most

WONDERFUL MEDICINE

In curing the most severe cases of the different diseases above named,—and the high encomiums that have been bestowed upon it, wherever it has been introduced, gives me the right to call on the

THE AFFLICTED

to resort at once to the

ONLY REMEDY THAT CAN BE RELIED ON.

From the New York Mirror.

HUNT'S LINIMENT.—This invaluable Remedy of the many "ills that flesh is heir to," continues to shed its untold benefits upon all classes of society. We have seen a Certificate from some of the most respectable, inteligent, and influential citizens of Westchester, where the Proprietor resides, who are above all attempts to mislead the public in reference to any medicine, remedy, or preparation; and as this testimony is at once spontaneous and uniform in commending this truly excellent Medicine for Rheumatism, and various other diseases named in the advertisement, there can no longer be a reasonable doubt entertained of its extraordinary success and triumph over the maladies in question.

Sing Sing, May 13, 1845.

We, the undersigned, do certify that we have used Mr George E. Stanton's External Remedy, called HUNT'S LINIMENT, and have proved it to be fully equal to the character he gives it. Its healing properties are truly extraordinary; and we most confidently recommend it as one of the most certain external remedies that has yet been discovered.

Caleb Roscoe, Editor Westchester Herald.
Albert Lockwood, Judge Court Common Pleas.
James Locke, the extensive Horticulturist.
James B. Swain, Editor H. R. Chronicle.
M. Churchill, Principal of the celebrated Boarding School for Boys.
Samuel F. Reynolds, Supreme Court Commissioner.
R. R. Voris, District Attorney.
Theodosius Clark, Pastor Methodist Episcopal Church.
Robert Wiltse, late agent M. P. State Prison.
Aaron Ward, late Member of Congress.
Munson I. Lockwood, Clerk of the County.
Wm. H. Peck, agent M. P. State Prison.
B. C. Morse, Pastor of the Baptist Church.

Benjamin Moore,	Samuel Trowbridge,
Abraham Kipp,	Pietre Van Cortlandt,
Stephen Marshall,	Abraham Miller,
John Strang,	Gilbert Martin,
Philip G. Van Wyck,	Edmund M. Blunt,
	Benjamin Washburn.

☞ The following shows a case of Rheumatism cured with only one bottle of Hunt's Liniment.—The letter is addressed to Mr Stanton:

Yorktown, June 18, 1845.

SIR,—Having cured me of a severe attack of Rheumatism, which had rendered me almost helpless, and at the same time made me suffer great pain, I would offer my testimony in favor of the great properties which your External Remedy, Hunt's Liniment is possessed of. I only used one bottle, and with that I consider I have been saved from a protracted and severe illness. I am now attending to my business regularly, which is that of a farmer. Your obedient serv't,

OLIVER VAN CORTLANDT.

This Liniment is sold at 25 and 50 cents per bottle, by all the Principal Druggists and Merchants throughout the country.

Wholesale Agents in New York.

Hoadley, Phelps & Co., 142 Water street; Rushton & Co., 110 Broadway; A. B. & D. Sands, corner Fulton and William; Aspinwall, 86 William street.

Orders addressed to me at Sing Sing, N. Y., will be attended to.

GEO. E. STANTON, *Proprietor.*

Sing-Sing, Dec. 17, 1845.

AGENTS.—G. W. Callener, East Longmeadow; Samuel Leach, Wilbraham; Shaw & Chapman, So. Wilbraham; Norcross & Converse, Monson; J. C. Royce & Co, Wales; Andrews & Merrick, Brimfield; D. F. McGilvray & Co. Palmer Depot.

FURNITURE & CHAIRS!

OF every description, superior workmanship and latest style, may be found at SMITH'S NEW CABINET SHOP and

Furniture Warehouse

THORNDIKE. The rest of the story may be told in a few words. The undersigned has established himself at the above place, where he is endeavoring to acquire a reputation for manufacturing good work, which he is determined to sell cheap, cheaper, cheapest, for cash only. His arrangements are such that he cannot be undersold, either in this vicinity, Springfield or Worcester, and respectfully invites those in want of any thing in his line, to give him a call and satisfy themselves with regard to the truth of the above statement.

Thorndike, Aug. 1846. LEBBEUS C. SMITH. 31-3m

"Encourage the New Beginner."—FRANKLIN.

JOB PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT

Mechanics' Hall, opposite the W. R. R. House.

The Subscribers having a large assortment of New and Fashionable Job Type in connection with

"The Palmer Sentinel,"

ARE PREPARED TO EXECUTE EVERY variety of JOB PRINTING, in the best manner and at the lowest prices,

—such as—

Books,	Programmes,	Circulars,
Catalogues,	Shop Bills	Blanks,
Pamphlets,	Tickets,	Cards, &c.

Being practical Printers, we shall give our personal and immediate attention to all work entrusted to our care, and faithfully endeavor to meet the wishes of our customers; we trust our exertions will meet with a liberal share of public patronage.

All orders sent by mail, or otherwise, will be punctually attended to at the shortest notice.

Business and Visiting Cards, with or without printing, constantly on hand, at the lowest prices.

F. P. WHITTEMORE. B. A. TENNEY.

Shoes! Shoes!!

JUST received at the Depot Store, a fine assortment of Ladies, Misses and Children's Shoes, in all qualities, colors and prices, to which the attention of the Ladies is solicited.

D. F. McGILVRAY.

Hats! Hats!!

SOME beautiful style Drab and Black Hats, now offered for sale at

McGILVRAY'S.

THE subscriber has just received a large addition to his extensive stock of Gent's Thin Boots and Ladies' Shoes, which he is selling at remarkably low prices.

D. F. McGILVRAY.

NEW GOODS!

THE subscriber, grateful to his friends and customers for the liberality with which they have continued to patronize his establishment, would respectfully call the attention of purchasers to large invoices of Rich and seasonable

Dry Goods,

Which he is this week receiving from the N. York and Boston Markets, which having been bought at the low prices which prevail late in the business season, can and will be sold at less prices than Goods bought early can possibly be afforded. Among them may be found

Cashmere, Broche, Stradilla,

BERAGE AND BALZORINE SHAWLS, together with Scarfs, Cravats, Long Shawls, &c., &c., "too numerous to particularize."

New Styles Organdie Ginghams, Muslins, and Lawns, Gingham Muslins, Gingham Lawns, Plaid Ginghams, Berages, Balzorines, Repped Cashmeres, Silks, Mous de Laines, Graduated Robes, White Embroidered and Colored, Alpines, Alpaccas, Silk and Cotton Warp, Fancy and Mourning Prints, with every other variety of new and desirable

DRESS GOODS!

German, French, English and American Broadcloths, Black and Fancy Colors, Cassimeres, Satinets and Vestings in great variety of color, quality and price; Gambroons, Bro. Linens, Linen Drills, Indigo Checks, Denims, Lastings, Croton Coatings, Codringtons, Merino Cassimeres, Blue Drills, Moleskins, Corduroy, &c., &c.,

FOR MEN AND BOYS SUMMER WEAR.

Lace Striped, Checked and Plain Muslins, Barred, Striped and Corded Cambrics, Swiss Mulls and Muslins, Scotch and India Cambrics, Striped, Plaid and Embroidered Curtain Muslins, Crimped Dimity, &c., in the way of

WHITE GOODS.

Carpetings in good variety of style and quality—Bro. and Bleached Cottons, Tickings, Burlaps, Table Linen, Birds Eye, Russia and Scotch Diapers, Crash, Napkins, Looking Glasses, and a lot of the best pure White Live Geese Feathers, ever offered in this market, in the way of

FURNISHING GOODS.

Ladies will find a new assortment of Bonnets, of the Latest and Best styles, just received from New York, of Florence, English Pedal, Birds Eye, Lace and Neapolitan, with trimmings to match.

Gentlemen will find

An extensive assortment of Fashionable Hats from the manufactories of Paris, Florence, New York and Boston, which with a good stock of Caps, Cravats, Bosoms and Collars, ready made Shirts, Boots, Shoes, Slippers, Goat Downings, &c., will be offered them at prices which cannot fail to make them ready purchasers.

I KEEP FOR CARPENTERS

An assortment of Bench Planes, Moulding Tools, Bench Screws, Plane Handles, Saw Handles, Saws, Framing and Firmer Chisels, Gouges, Dividers, Compasses, Callipers, Pincers, Files, Shingling and Lathing Hatchets, Hand Axes, Broad Axes, Adzes, and a larger and better stock of

HARD-WARE GENERALLY,

than can be found at any other store in this vicinity. A large variety of

STONE WARE,

from one of the best Potteries in the Union, with a very general assortment of

Crockery, Glass & Earthern Ware,

at the lowest market prices.

BUILDING MATERIALS,

As Nails of first rate quality, Glass in good variety of size and quality, Sheet Lead and Zinc, Door Handles and Locks, Butts and Screws, &c., always on hand.

WOODEN WARE.

Alexander's Cheese Presses, Ruggles', Nourse & Mason's Patent Churns, Cowls' do., Willow Wagons and Cradles, Tubs and Pails, Butter Firkins and Molasses Kegs, Clothes Pins, Washboards and Mortars with Pestles.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

Fresh from one of the best importing Houses in the city of Boston, in all the variety needed in a country town, on as reasonable terms as can be bought in Springfield or Worcester, with a very general assortment of

POPULAR PATENT MEDICINES,

Toys, Fancy articles and notions of all kinds.

White Lead,

Of various qualities not to be undersold by any one. A small lot of pure Old Dutch Linseed Oil, Whiting, Paris White, French Yellow, Paris Green, Ground Verdigris, Paint and White Wash Brushes, and every other article in the Painter's "line."

A Heavy Stock of Paper Hangings

In great variety of color design and quality, consisting of more than 1000 Rolls, which have been bought of the maker on so favorable terms that I do not hesitate to say that I can sell the same quality at a less price than any other trader in this vicinity.

Pittsfield Lime as usual of prime quality.

I am receiving from a first rate FLOURING MILL, twice a week, a superior article of FRESH GROUND FLOUR, which will be sold at Wholesale or Retail, at the lowest market price. In my

GROCERY DEPARTMENT

May be found Porto Rico, Trinidad, Cardenas, Cienfuegus, and New Iberia Molasses; Porto Rico, New Orleans, Havana, Sugar House; E. B. and Philada. Double Refined, Loaf, Crushed, Powdered and Single Refined Loaf Sugars; Old Hyson, Young Hyson, Hyson Skin, Powchong and Souchong Teas; Old Java, Manilla, Brazil and Ground Coffees; Cod Fish, New Conn. River Shad in half and quarter Barrels, Mackerel in Barrels, half and quarter bbls. and Kitts, Sword Fish in bbls. halves and qrs., Salmon in bbls. and Kitts, Herring in Boxes, Smoked Beef, Lard, Hams, Dried and Smoked Halibut, Tobacco of the most approved kinds; Lorillard's Scotch and Macaboy Snuff;

200 Bushels North River Corn;
200 Bags Dairy Salt;
30 Barrels fine Am. do.;
50 Sacks "Worthington's" Liverpool do.;
25 " Western Ground do.;
100 Bush. Turks Island do.;
100 " coarse fine American do.;
2000 lbs. Nova Scotia Grindstones,

Besides an innumerable variety of other articles in this line, always ready for the inspection of customers. Without claiming a larger portion of **"Business Facilities,"** than can possibly fall to the share of one man, I will say in a word—that my Goods will be offered at *prices* which cannot be undersold.

ABNER ALLEN.

Palmer Depot May 26, 1846.

POETRY.

To a Musquito.

BY BRYANT.

Fair insect! that with threadlike legs spread out,
And blood-extracting bill and filmy wing,
Dost murmur as thou sail'st about,
In pitiless ears full many a plaintive thing,
And tell how little our large veins should bleed,
Would we but yield them to thy bitter need.

Unwillingly, I own, and what is worse,
Full angrily men hearken to thy plaint,
Thou gettest many a brush, and many a curse,
For saying thou art gaunt, and starved, and faint:
Even the old beggar, while he asks for food,
Would kill thee, hapless stranger, if he could.

I call thee stranger, for the town, I ween,
Has not the honor of so proud a birth,
Thou com'st from Jersey meadows, fresh and green,
The offspring of the gods, though born on earth;
For Titan was thy sire, and fair was she
The ocean nymph that nursed thy infancy.

Beneath the rushes was thy cradle swung,
And when, at length, thy gauzy wings grew strong,
Abroad to gentle airs their folds were flung,
Rose in the sky and bore thee soft along:
The south wind breathed to waft thee on thy way,
And danced and shone beneath the billowy bay.

And calm, afar, the city spires arose—
Thence didst thou hear the distant hum of men,
And as its grateful odors met thy nose,
Didst seem to smell thy native marsh again;
Fair lay its crowded streets, and at the sight
Thy tiny song grew shriller with delight.

At length thy pinions fluttered in Broadway—
Ah, there were fairy steps, and white necks kissed
By wanton airs, and eyes whose killing ray
Shone through the snowy veils like stars through mist;
And fresh as morn, on many a cheek and chin,
Bloomed the bright blood thro' the transparent skin.

Oh, these were sights to touch an anchorite!
What! do I hear thy slender voice complain?
Thou wailest, when I talk of beauty's light,
As if it brought the memory of pain:
Thou art a wayward being—well—come near,
And pour thy tale of sorrow in my ear.

What say'st thou—slanderer!—rouge makes thee sick?
And China bloom at best is sorry food?
And Rowland's Kalydor, if laid on thick,
Poisons the thirsty wretch that bores for blood?
Go! 'twas a just reward that met thy crime—
But shun the sacrilege another time.

That bloom was made to look at, not to touch,
To worship, not approach, that radiant white;
And well might sudden vengeance light on such
As dared, like thee, most impiously to bite.
Thou shouldst have gazed at distance and admired
Murmured thy adoration and retired.

Thou'rt welcome to the town—but why come here
To bleed a brother poet, gaunt like thee?
Alas! the little blood I have is dear,
And thin will be the banquet drawn from me.
Look round—the pale-eyed sisters in my cell,
Thy old acquaintance, Song and Famine, dwell.

Try some plump alderman, and suck the blood
Enriched by generous wine and costly meat;
On well-filled skins, sleek as thy native mud,
Fix thy light pump and press thy freckled feet:
Go to the men for whom, in oceans halls,
The oyster breeds, and the green turtle sprawls.

There corks are drawn, and the red vintage flows
To fill the swelling veins for thee, and now
The ruddy cheek and now the ruddier nose
Shall tempt thee, as thou flittest round the brow;
And, when the hour of sleep its quiet brings,
No angry hand shall rise to brush thy wings.

For The Sentinel.

Historical Enigma.

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 18, 4, 15, 10, 5, 8, is a king of Persia;
My 2, 6, is a king of Bashan;
My 11, 19, 15, 2, is a king of Rome;
My 4, 11, 9, 17, 6, 2, 3, 7, 8, 6, 2, 11, 4, 9, 4, 8, is a king of Macedon;
My 16, 15, 7, 13, 5, 8, is a Roman Senator;
My 4, 6, 14, 8, 13, 7, 8, is a king of Rome;
My 5, 15, 1, 4, 3, 19, 13, 4, is a General from Columbia;
My 4, 15, 6, 2, 8, is a city of Greece;
My 9, 12, 16, 19, 15, 12, 14, 8, is a king of Rome;
My whole is a Monarch of Mexico. W.T.
An answer is requested.

HUMOROUS.

APPROPRIATE NAMES.—In looking over a directory recently we observed the following: *Gibleit & Bull* butchers; *Truefit* a tailor; *Killem* a physician; *Bringlow*, an apothecary; *Ketchum* a lawyer; *Wicks* a candle maker; in New York we believe there is a firm which rejoices in the name of Ketchum & Fleeceum.

"What is your name?" said a gentleman, the other day, to our devil. "My name, sir? The same as my father's." "What is your father's name?" "The same as mine, sir." "Then what are both your names?" "Why, they're both alike, sir."

A Hotel has just been opened out West, called the "Sherry Cobbler." Of course it has a plenty of *suckers*.

The main reason why the b'hoys are so anxious to whip Mexico, is because she refuses *to treat*.

They have a man in New Orleans who sleeps in the Mississippi river, to keep cool these hot nights. He's a "single man."

It is a remarkable peculiarity with debts, that their *expanding* power increases as you *contract* them.

Some wag says that the only borrowed article he ever returned promptly, was a kiss from a pretty girl's lips. Of course he returned it on *the spot*.

AGRICULTURAL.

Use of the Rolier.

There is scarcely a more useful implement of agriculture than the roller. The purposes effected by it are,—1st, the breaking of clods and lumps on grounds, preparatory to sowing or planting; 2d, pressing the earth, in some cases around the newly sown seeds, and at the same time giving more compactness to too light soils; 3d, smoothing the surface of grass grounds—by which operation the stools of grass which may have been raised by the frost are pressed into the earth, the growth of the grass increased, and the surface better fitted for the scythe.

The first of these purposes, is one of great importance; yet we apprehend that but few, comparatively, of our farmers are in the habit of using a roller to effect the pulverization of the soil. Taken in a proper state of moisture, that is, when the lumps are just softened, but not so wet as to pack on being crushed—the most cloddy field may be brought by the roller and harrow, into the finest tilth. It may be observed that the weight of the roller should be proportioned to the tenacity of the soil.

In the construction of the roller, it is now common to use plank, making a cylinder of three to four feet in diameter.—The advantages of this plan are, that the implement is drawn with less force, and the pressure is applied in a more perpendicular direction. It has been objected, however, that less pressure is given to the soil by a roller of large diameter, than one of the same weight of smaller size, because the large one bears on a greater surface.—This objection may be easily overcome by having a box attached to the frame, into which may be placed any additional weight required to make to the roller effective. Another essential advantage of the large roller, is, that in turning, it does not move the surface of soil so much as a small one—that avoiding the injury of tearing up the sward on grass lands, or of working the seed into branches and leaving bare spots, on land freshly laid down.

The roller is best made in two parts, or with a division in the middle, so that each part may revolve by itself. This much facilitates their turning, and obviates the liability of disturbing the surface of the ground. The length recommended for the roller, by Low, and other British authors, is five feet; but we have known them to be made six feet in length; and when divided in the centre, as before mentioned, we think there is no objection to that length.—*Albany Cultivator.*

Cranberry Culture.

We are glad to perceive that the spirit of improvement now abroad is directed in some degree to increase the production of this choice fruit. A friend has brought us a few vines, bearing fruit, which he took from a cranberry marsh belonging to Mr William Eldred, at Quisset, a place about half way between Falmouth and Wood's Hole. A year ago, the spot where these cranberries grew, was covered with unproductive vines. The berry grows upon that portion of the vine which is the growth of the new year; and as, for some cause, the vines did not grow, of course they remained barren. But, last winter, Mr E. tried an experiment which has often been recommended. His marsh is more than two acres in extent, and is flowed every winter, and kept submerged until May, to escape the late Spring frosts, which do most injury to the vines. When the marsh was covered with ice, Mr E. wheeled sand upon about thirty rods, and spread it over the surface. The best consequences have followed. The vines throve wonderfully the last season, and are now laden with fruit. On some of the stems submitted to our inspection, there are three fine berries. It is rare to see more than two on a stem. The result of sanding is so satisfactory, that Mr E. intends to cover more surface next winter; and without doubt he will finally bring the whole bog into bearing condition.—The information of these facts may be an encouragement to other men to engage in the cultivation of the cranberry, which always commands a high price in the market, and which can be raised with little pains in many marshes that are now comparatively worthless.—*Sandwich Observer.*

Keeping Pumpkins.

Pumpkins for stock are best kept in a dry loft with the flooring quite open, so as to allow air to circulate as freely as possible between them. Were it not that they take so much room, we should prefer storing them in a single tier; but usually, for want of this, when a large crop is to be secured, they must be piled upon each other. In this case, we would recommend their not being placed more than three or four deep. If piled together in too large heaps they gather moisture and rot rapidly. When frozen they may be preserved a long time: but they should be cooked before giving them to the stock, otherwise they may do them great injury. On the whole we prefer feeding our pumpkins as fast as possible after ripening, and before the cold weather sets in.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Go On.

We clip the following from an exchange. It is a short discourse on a short text, and should be memorized by every one who is liable to fits of the *blues*, when overtaken by slight crosses:—

Have you engaged in a laudable pursuit? Go on. If you give up in despair you are half ruined. Are you a merchant? Are sales low? Does but little money come in? Go on, business shall revive and you shall succeed. Are you a student, with few friends and less money? Go on, persevere, you will yet obtain your degree.—Are you a mechanic? Have you but half work enough to keep you employed? Go on, and finish what you engaged; you will have more to do at another day. Are you poor? Keep at work and go on, and if you are faithful you will be above your wants.

To one and all we would say, go on, no matter what may be your profession or occupation; never lag by the way; never rot out; never die so long as you can catch a straw or hold your head above water. It is the only way to succeed.—There is a line of poetry, or something better, that we are always pleased with—"Go on, go on, go on."

Commit it to memory, all can; and when you feel like giving up in despair, or sinking under a bad bargain, repeat it over and over, until your spirits are refreshed, and you have determined to conquer whatever difficulties may arise in your path.

The Way to get on in the World.

To get on in this world, you must be content to be always stopping where you are; to advance, you must be stationary; to get up, you must keep down; following riches is like following wild geese, and you must crawl after both on your belly; the minute you pop up your head, off they go whistling before the wind, and you see no more of them. If you haven't the art of sticking by nature, you must acquire it by art; put a couple of pounds of birdlime upon your office stool, and sit down on it; get a chain round your leg, and tie yourself to your counter like a pair of shop scissors; nail yourself up against the wall of your place of business like a weasel on a barn-door, or the sign of the spread eagle; or, what will do best of all marry an honest poor girl without a penny, and my life for yours if you don't do business!—Never mind what your relations say about genius, talent, learning, pushing, enterprise, *and such stuff, when they* come advising you for your good, stick up to them for the loan of a sovereign, and if you ever see them on your side of the street again, skiver me, and welcome! But to do any good, I tell you over and over again, you must be a sticker. You may get fat upon a rock, if you never quit your hold of it.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Sterling Maxims.

Never be cast down with trifles. If a spider breaks his thread twenty times, twenty times will he mend it again. Make up your mind to do a thing, and you will surely do it. Fear not, if trouble comes upon you; keep up your spirits, though the day be a dark one.

Fight hard against hasty a temper.—Anger will come, but resist it stoutly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give cause to mourn all the days of your life. Never revenge an injury.

If you have an enemy, act kindly to him and make him your friend. You may not win him at once, but try again. Let one kindness be followed by another, till you have compassed your end. By little and little, great things are completed. And so repeated kindnesses will wear away a heart of stone.

Whatever you do, do it willingly. A man that is compelled to work, cares not how badly it is performed.

Evil thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers, for we can keep out of the way of wild beasts, but bad thoughts win their way every where. The cup that is full will hold no more; keep your heads and hearts full of good thoughts, that bad thoughts may find no room to enter.

American Women.

A foreign author says an exchange, in a work lately published, gives the following portrait of American women: we think the picture an honest and faithful one.

"She is generally graceful in her figure, slow in her gait, mild in her looks, proud in her mien, engaging in her conversation, delicate in her expressions, quick at blushing, chaste in her thoughts, innocent in her manners, improving on acquaintance, generous to a fault, ready to weep with one in distress, solicitous for the poor, sincerely religious, eminently humane, constant in her attachment, a fond wife, a tender mother, tenacious of her word, jealous of her honor, prudent in her conduct, circumspect in her house, and what is very natural, cannot keep a secret."

Marying for money may be gold for the head but it is lead for the heart.

UNRIVALLED FAMILY MEDICINE.

Norman's Peruvian Bitters: or *VEGETABLE RESTORATIVE ELIXIR.*

ARE a mild and sure remedy for all diseases arising from a deranged or unhealthy condition of the stomach and digestive organs—such as dyspepsia or indigestion, jaundice, sour stomach, headache, dizziness, loss of appetite, diarrhœa, dysentery, flatulence, morning sickness, pains in the side, back or limbs, drowsiness after eating, an under determination of blood to the head, faintness, piles, liver complaint, and general debility.

The Peruvian Bitters are likewise particularly calculated for females, to remove obstructions and restore nature in a sure and salutary manner; and also for curing the various kinds of humor which affect the body externally. Their operation is mild, but effectual causing no griping, or disagreeable feeling; they stimulate the vessels of the intestines, whereby they cleanse the whole alimentary canal and remove from the stomach and bowels the various impurities which are constantly collecting around them—they most effectually cleanse, purify, and promote a fresh and brisk circulation of the blood; renovate the diseased and languid organs of the system, bring nature into its legitimate channel, and restore health and cheerfulness to the desponding invalid.

One great advantage that the Peruvian Bitters have over any other remedy yet discovered, in the above complaints, is, that in restoring every function to its proper order, they do not reduce the system, so that tonics are required, but may be taken with perfect safety at any time, without particular attention to diet or exercise, as they aid the stomach in digesting its food, and enable the patient to prosecute his ordinary business with renewed energy.

Orders for the Peruvian Bitters in any quantity, addressed to A. BLODGETT, Palmer Depot, will be promptly attended to.

For sale also, by H. G. Hale, Thorndike; E. Bond, Bondsville; A. Shumway, Three Rivers; Wm. Sigourney, Wilbraham No. Village; R. R. Wright, Wilbraham; Wm. N. Packard, Norcross & Converse, Monson; Wm. Olmsted & Co. No. Factory, and Hale & Olmsted, So. Factory, Monson; Andrews & Merrick, Brimfield; A. Blair, Warren; H. M. Bolton, Stafford (Furnace Village.) 22

Keep Perfectly Cool!

Pure Linen Coats,	$1 25 to $1 75
Seer Sucker "	1 50 to 2 00
Real Scotch Gingham do.	
Satin Figure,	1 50 to 1 75
Imitation Scotch "	1 00 to 1 25
Good Thin Coats, a cool garment,	75 to 1 00
Light Summer Vests, English Quiltings,	1 25 to 2 00
Light Summer Vests, Valencia,	1 25 to 2 50
Good Light "	50 to 1 00
Thin Pants, of Pure Linen,	1 50 to 2 50
" " of all materials, adapted to the present Hot Weather,	75 to 1 50

All the above Garments thoroughly made in FASHIONABLE STYLE at OAK HALL, and must be sold, being determined to close up all of their Thin Clothing immediately.

Gentlemen in want of a Good Cool Thin Garment, *for a little money*, the above offers a great inducement.

OAK HALL BUILDINGS,
32, 34, 35, & 38 Ann Street,
BOSTON. 27-8t

COOL COMFORT.

Is finally ascertained to be, a tumbler of well iced

Soda Water,

in a hot day. The above comforting beverage of the very best quality, with a variety of choice Syrups, always on hand.

Also, Rochelles, Soda and Seidlitz Powders, Mead, &c., at A. BLODGETT'S.

Ladies and Gentlemen invited to call! 26

To Builders
AND OTHERS!!

THE subscriber is now prepared to furnish all kinds of Lumber at the Albany price, with the addition of freight. Purchasers are invited to call and learn prices and examine quality before purchasing. The Lumber Yard is near the depot store.

N. B. A large lot of Yellow and White Pine, and Spruce Flooring, all ready for laying on hand.
D. F. McGILVRAY.

REMOVAL.

C. TORREY, Counsellor at Law.

HAS removed to A. N. Dewey's new building, South of the Rail Road.
OFFICE, up stairs, opposite Sentinel office

C. T. is Commissioner to take Depositions, and the Acknowledgment of Deeds in Massachusetts, for use and record in New Hampshire.
Palmer Depot. July 1, 1846. tf 25

B. B. WHITTEMORE,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law,

OFFICE—Nearly opposite the Post Office,
24tf PALMER DEPOT, MASS.

GEORGE H. HUDSON & CO.,
MERCHANT TAILORS
AND DEALERS IN ALL THE VARIETIES OF
English, German, French and American
Broadcloths, Cassimeres, & Vesting.
—*ALSO*—
In ready made clothing, and Gents' furnishing goods, at the
Merchants' Exchange Clothing Establishment,
WARE VILLAGE, MASS. 13

J. D. BARBER,
Fashionable Tailor,
PALMER DEPOT, MASS.
Garments made in the best style and warranted to fit.

Particular attention is paid to cutting where the Garment is to be made out of the shop.
Palmer Depot, Jan. 12, 1846.

A. BLODGETT,
Watch Maker and Jeweler,
3 DOORS WEST OF THE PALMER HOTEL,
North side of the Railroad,
PALMER DEPOT, MASS.

Watches and Clocks of all kinds carefully repaired and warranted.

THE subscriber has just received a large addition to his extensive stock of Gent's Thin Boots and Ladies' Shoes, which he is selling at remarkably low prices.
D. F. McGILVRAY.

LADIES' GLOVES & HOSIERY.
A FULL assortment at low prices, at
McGILVRAY'S.

Hams, Pork and Lard.
EXTRA Boston Hams, Pork and Lard, for sale at McGILVRAY'S.

Gentlemen
CAN be acommodated with a cheap article of Boots, Brogans and Shoes, at
McGILVRAY'S.

GINGHAMS & LAWNS.
SPLENDID styles selling at a great discount, at
McGILVRAY'S.

DR. TAYLOR'S
BALSAM OF LIVERWORT!

FROM 375 Bowery New York, for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption, Liver Complaint and Bleeding at the Lungs.

Read the following certificates.

NEW YORK, March 6, 1845.

Dear Doctor,—I am now connected with the Democratic Advocate, Williamsburg, and am happy publicly to state, for the information of every body, the wonderful effects of your *TAYLOR'S BALSAM OF LIVERWORT*, 375 Bowery, on myself. About five years since, all my acquaintances about me pronounced me to be past all hope of cure from fixed consumption, which seemed to mark me as a sure victim. I had a violent cough, for six months almost incessant, preventing me from sleeping more than half an hour at a time. I had profuse night sweats, violent pain in the side and chest, expectorated largely, was greatly exhausted, and reduced almost to a skeleton. I commenced using this medicine, and in three days I felt sure of being cured, I was so much relieved by it. In my case it acted like a perfect charm. I am entirely well, and I have recommended it to hundreds since, and cheerfully do advise most sincerely all persons affected with consumption by all means to use steadily *Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort*, 375 Bowery, and, my word for it, they will be cured. I can be seen and referred to at any time, at the office of the Democratic Advocate, Wilmington, L. I.

Yours truly, A. N. CHAPIN.

Extract, dated Orange, N. J. March 1, 1845.

Dear Doctor,—About five years since I was taken with spitting of blood, with cough. The blood was bright red color. I had two attacks, and I was cured entirely by one bottle of *Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort*, of 375 Bowery.

(Signed) ISAAC P. BALDWIN.
Sworn to before me, the 1st day of March, 1845.
H. C. TOWNER, Com. of Deeds.

Honesdale, Penn., April 22, 1845.

Dear Doctor.—This is to certify that I have been afflicted for a number of years with a disease of the lungs, which had reduced me to the verge of the grave. All medical aid proved unavailing, and owing to the weakness of my constitution, which age had materially impaired, felt that I could not much longer baffle the disease. At this time I was recommended to try Dr. Taylor's Genuine Balsam of Liverwort, from 375 Bowery. I did so, and by its efficacy can with safety say, I have been almost restored to health, as much so as the infirmities of old age would permit. All those who are afflicted with diseases of the Lungs and Liver, I would especially urge to avail themselves of this sovereign remedy. This certificate can be relied upon, and comes from one of the oldest inhabitants of this town.

JOHN GARRET.

The above certificate we have the pleasure to send you, with permission to publish.

Yours truly, J. & N. SNYDER.

N. B.—Price reduced. Large bottles, $1.50—small bottles, $1.00.

Agents, D. F. McGilvray & Co., Palmer Depot; George Nye, Belchertown; W. N. Packard, Monson. 1y1

KOLMSTOCK'S VERMIFUGE.

THIS remedy for worms is one of the most extraordinary ever used. It effectually eradicates worms of every sort, from children and adults.

It cannot harm the smallest infant or the strongest adult. There is no mercury or mineral in it.—Mercury is the basis of most worm remedies; and the remedy is sometimes worse than the disease.—So never use lozenges, but rely upon this. Every person will be convinced on one trial, that it is the most perfect cure ever invented.

The immense sale that this vermifuge has, is a sure test of its value and the estimation in which it is held by families. It would be quite too expensive to publish a volume of certificates that have been given for this article, and the users of it are requested to spread the name to all persons whom they think may be benefitted by it.

We call on all good citizens to make known the effects of this wonderful remedy.

Remember and ask for *Kolmstock's Vermifuge*, the one that has become known to you through the advertisement should be used in justice to the proprietors.

STARTLING FACTS.

Hundreds of children and adults are lost every year with worms, when some other cause has been supposed to be the true one.

It is admitted by all doctors that scarce a man, woman or child exists but what are sooner or later troubled with this complaint.

Sold by COMSTOCK & ROSS, 19 Tremont Row, Boston—also, by ABNER ALLEN, Palmer Depot.

Cured of Piles.

"For five years I was afflicted with what the doctors told me were the Itching Piles. I had applied to several physicians, and used many medicines without any relief, till I used the Hay's Liniment, which I purchased of COMSTOCK & ROSS, No. 19 Tremont Row, which cured me before I had used all of one bottle. I was greatly relieved upon the first one or two applications. Most seriously do I urge upon the afflicted to use this remedy before all others. My object entirely in making my case public, is hoping I may benefit the afflicted sufferer.

EBEN THOMPSON, No. 4 Allston st.

Sold by Abner Allen, Palmer Depot.

Connel's Magical Pain Extractor,

The great healing salve.—It seems hardly worth while that we should add our testimony to the overwhelming mass that has already been procured by that inestimable burn specific called Connel's Magical Pain Extractor—but we might as well say it exceeds any thing we ever heard of for the rapid and thorough cure of the following complaints, which have been tested in this city, viz.: burns, scalds, tender and sore feet, chilblains, wounds and old sores, bruises and cold in wounds, inflammation, salt rheum, rheumatism, erysipelas, sore eyes and nipples, eruptions and scrofula, chaps, and piles in their worst form. No family should be without this wonderful salve. Sold genuine at 19 Tremont Row, Boston. Sold by Abner Allen, Palmer Depot.

Sarsaparilla.

Comstock & Co's Concentrated Compound Fluid Extract of Sarsaparilla, for the cure of scrofula, chronic rheumatism, general debility, cutaneous diseases, scaly eruptions of the skin, tetters, pimples on the face, mercurial and siphiloid diseases, biles from impure habits of the body, ulcerations of the throat, pains and swellings of the bones, liver affections, and all diseases arising from an impure state of the blood, exposure and imprudence of life, excessive use of mercury. The Sarsaparilla can be depended upon as being as good as any other in this country or Europe. This pure extract is put up in as large or larger bottles as any sold for one dollar, at the unprecedented low price of 50 cents per bottle, or $4 per dozen. Sold by Comstock & Ross, 19 Tremont Row, Boston. Sold by Abner Allen, Palmer Depot. 21-3m.

The Naples Hair Dye.

Is warranted to impart to the hair a jet black, without either affecting its softness or strength, and without staining or in any way injuring the skin. It is perfectly innocent in its nature, and has no deleterious effects on the health, as is attested by the experience of those in the city who have used it.—An apprehension of its possessing injurious qualities, has alone deterred thousands from a valuable preparation which so much beautifies and adorns personal appearance. Sold at 19 Tremont Row, Boston. Sold by Abner Allen, Palmer Depot.

Snuff & Tobacco,

OF the best quality for sale at the depot store, by
McGILVRAY.

Paints, Oils & Glass,

ARE now selling at such prices at the depot store, that all who wish to purchase need not think of purchasing cheaper, at any place in the county. D. F. McGILVRAY.

CROCKERY, CHINA & GLASS
WARE, Paper Hangings, Feathers, Carpetings, and all kinds of Furnishing Goods, selling cheap at McGILVRAY'S.

Summer Goods.

SELLING off at great bargains, at the depot store to make room for Fall Goods.
D. F. McGILVRAY.

SUMMER GOODS selling cheap at
McGILVRAY'S

BY THE QUEEN'S PATENT.
Triumphant success of
Buchan's Hungarian Balsam of life
The Great English Remedy for Colds, Coughs, Asthma, and Consumption!

THE most celebrated and infallible remedy, for Colds, Coughs, Asthma, or any form of Pulmonary Consumption, is the Hungarian Balsam of Life, discovered by Dr. Buchan of London, England, tested for upwards of seven years in Great Britain and on the Continent of Europe, and introduced into the United States, under the immediate superintendence of the inventor.

Dr Buchan is a distinguished philanthropist and Elder of the society of Friends, and member of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, celebrated for his valuable discoveries in the treatment of Scrofulous Consumption. The Hungarian Balsam is a purely vegetable compound, composed chiefly of a Hungarian Gum, of wonderful power in pulmonary diseases.

The astonishing success of the Hungarian Balsam, in the cure of every form of Consumption, warrants the American Agent in soliciting for treatment the worst possible cases that can be found in the community—cases that seek relief in vain from any of the common remedies of the day, and have been given up by the most distinguished physicians, as confirmed and incurable. The Hungarian Balsam has cured, and will cure, the most desperate of cases. It is no quack nostrum, but a standard English medicine, of known and established efficacy.

Every family in the United States should be supplied with Buchan's Hungarian Balsam of Life, not only to counteract the consumptive tendencies of the climate, but to be used as a *preventive medicine* in all cases of Colds, Coughs, spitting of Blood, Pain in the side and chest, irritation and soreness of the Lungs, Bronchitis, difficulty of breathing, Hectic Fever, Night sweats, Emaciation and General debility, Asthma, Influenza, Hooping Cough, and Croup.

In case of actual disease of the Lungs, or seated Consumption, it is the only source of hope.

Sold by McDonald & Smith, sole agents for the United Kingdom, at the Italian Warehouse, Regent street, London, in bottles and cases, for ships, hospitals, &c.

By special appointment—DAVID F. BRADLEE, Boston, Mass. sole agent for the United States and British American Provinces.

American price, $1 per bottle, with full directions for the restoration of health.

Pamphlets, containing a mass of English and American certificates and other evidence, showing the unequalled merits of this Great English Remedy, may be obtained of the agents, gratis.

None genuine, without the written signature of the American agent, on a gold and bronze label, to counterfeit which is forgery.

J. S. HOUGHTON, 130 Washington street Boston, General agent for the New England States.

AGENTS.—Palmer Depot, A. Allen; Northampton, W. Hillyer; Amherst, N. Fitch; Belchertown, H. A. Longley; Ware, L. Dimond; Barre, Woods & Co., and by dealers in medicine generally. 11-1y

THE PILES!
A Cure for Life Guarantied!
DR. UPHAM'S INTERNAL REMEDY
For the Cure of Piles, Inflammation of the Liver and Spleen, Inflammation, Soreness and Ulceration of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, and Bladder; Inflammatory and Mercurial Rheumatism; Impurity of Blood; Weakness and Inflammation of the Spine; and for the relief of Married Ladies.

THE Vegetable Pile Electuary, invented by Dr. A. Upham, a distinguished physician of New York city, is the only really successful remedy for that dangerous and distressing complaint, the Piles, ever offered to the American public.

Mark this: it is an *Internal Remedy*—not an external application, and will cure any case of Piles, either Bleeding or Blind, Internal or External; and probably the only thing that will. There is no mistake about it. It is a positive cure—*speedy and permanent.* It is also a convenient medicine to take, and improves the general health in a remarkable manner.

Each Box contains twelve doses, at 8 1-3 cts. per dose. It is very mild in its operation, and may be taken in cases of the most acute inflammation without danger. All external applications are in the highest degree disagreeable, inconvenient, and offensive; and from the very nature of the disease, temporary in their effects. This medicine attacks the disease at its source, and *removing the cause*, renders the cure *certain* and *permanent.*

INFLAMMATORY DISEASES.

Although the *Electuary* was originally prepared for the cure of Piles, yet it has proved itself to be a medicine far superior to all others, in all diseases of an Inflammatory character, with a determination of blood to any particular part or organ. In Inflammation and Congestion of the Liver and Spleen; Inflammation, Soreness and Ulceration of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, and Bladder; in Inflammatory and Mercurial Rheumatism, it is the best medicine ever discovered.

Impurities of the Blood.—For all Impurities of the Blood, arising from the imprudent use of Mercury, or other causes; for all Diseases of the skin and Scrofulous affections; in all cases where the Blood is powerfully determined to the Head, producing dizziness and distress, Dr. Upham's *Electuary* is entirely unrivalled.

To Married Ladies.—Married Ladies are almost invariably subject to that painful and injurious disease, the Piles, with consequent Inflammation of the Stomach, Bowels and Spine, weakness of the Back, flow of Blood to the Head, &c. The Electuary is perfectly safe for Pregnant Ladies, and the most useful Cathartic that can possibly be used, as it will not only remove the Piles and all Inflammatory diseases, *without pain or irritation*, but will ensure an easy time, a safe delivery, and a sound constitution in the offspring.

Cure for Life Guarantied.—The Electuary contains *no Mineral Medicine; no Aloes, Colocynth, Gamboge*, or other powerful and irritating Purgative. No fear of taking cold while under its influence, no change in diet necessary. If taken according to the directions *a cure for life is guarantied.*

Pamphlets, giving valuable information respecting this medicine, may be obtained of agents, gratis.

J. S. HOUGHTON, 130 Washington street, Boston, General agent for the New England States.

AGENTS.—Palmer Depot, A. Allen; Northampton, W. Hillyer; Amherst, N. Fitch; Belchertown, H. A. Longley; Ware, L. Dimond; Barre, Woods & Co., and by dealers in medicine generally. 12

A large assortment of the most valuable
FAMILY MEDICINES!

Among which are Trull's, Norman's (Peruvian,) Ball's, Richardson's, Phelps', and Russell's Bitters. Hull's, Gardner's, Wright's, Brandreth's, Lescur's, Smith's (sugar coated,) Persian, Phinney's, Ball's, Richardson's, Phelps', (Tomato and Cough,) Gridley's, Peters', Hitchcock's, Russell's, United States and various other Pills.

Whittemore's Vegetable Syrup for Diarrhœa, &c. Fahnestock's Vermifuge, an invaluable remedy for Worms. Becannon's Pulmonary Syrup, Covert's Balm of Life, Richardson's Pectoral Balsam, Ames' Cough Syrup, Moore's Essence of Life, Down's Elixir, Sand's Sarsaparilla, Egyptian Eye Wash, Catarrh Snuff, Cheesman's Arabian Balsam, Michaux's Freckle Wash, Brandreth's and Gridley's Liniment, Opedeldoc. Sand's remedy for Salt Rheum, Cohen's Rheumatic Embrocation, Root's German Ointment. Griswold's, Sweet's, Essex's, Sherman's Bettis' and Hebrew Plasters.

Sherman's, Fales', and Peters' Medicated Lozenges, Castor Oil, Hot Drops, Tooth Powders, Hair Tonics, Essences, &., &c.

Warranted Genuine, for sale by
8 A. BLODGETT.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

ALL persons visiting this place are particularly invited to call and see my splendid stock of Goods, which is made of from the smallest and less important article to the largest and most desirable article, which is kept for sale in almost any establishment. Goods warranted to be what they are represented. D. F. McGILVRAY.

N. H. Down's
Vegetable Balsamic Elixir.

AN almost sure relief for Lung Complaints.—Certificates of its superiority over most other Elixirs, can be seen at the subscriber's store—it needs no puffing. Invalids try one small bottle, then you will know its goodness. For sale by
D. F. McGILVRAY.